

LIFE,
SMOOTH AND ROUGH
AS IT RUNS.



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PREFACE.

THAT writing is a disease, I am convinced of, saith the man of excellent common sense, and of all the symptoms it assumes that of Novel is the most calamitous. Believe me, my friend, this is no novel, nor aught so worthy as a good one : wherein many a delicacy relating to the heart alone may be written with pleasure, and be read with delight, but which cannot be spoken at all.

In this is promised only a simple narrative of some of the every day concerns of Life, smooth and rough as it runs; certain men and women, their manners and their ways, all of this world, are placed in the light : yet little is new. Even our eccentric man of war, no mean humourist in his way, is in nothing original; the fashion, the feather and the point of his arrows, are familiar enough : the interest only lies in the mark that he aims at; but of whom, and all of them, more hereafter.

LIFE,

SMOOTH AND ROUGH AS IT RUNS.

CHAP. I.

IF Nature will endue the frame of man with strength, his constitution with health, and his breast with warm passions; if Fortune, in addition to these, will dispense him rich gifts, what can be said? But ~~that~~ he will have many dependents, ~~and a~~ numerous tenantry—some of which will certainly beget a handsome daughter, with whom he will fall in love, and in all probability will not have her coldness to complain of. Now these things having come to pass, ~~it is~~ not difficult to foresee ~~that~~ certain young gentlemen will come into the world, without the

his Grace of Canterbury's permission. Gentle reader, put these daily chancing circumstances together, and they will most assuredly spell my birth and parentage. This anecdote was all unknown to me until my ninth year, when an old gentlewoman who had brought me up with great care and affection to that period, sickened and declined. She sent for me to her death-bed side, immediately before departing from this much-loved sweet and bitter world. When I arrived, a respectable looking woman, about of middle age, was supporting her head. She laid my dying benefactress in an easy posture, and silently advancing led me to her. I kissed her hand and cried, when she told me that she was dying; for, independent of losing those that loved them, children early imbibe the horror of death. "My dear George," said she, "do not weep, you are yet too young for that, and will have, in common with mortality, sufficient occasion for your tears, before you arrive to where I now am.

I sent for you, to give my blessing and last advice, as also the secret history of your birth. I am not your mother, as you have been taught to believe, nor even your aunt, nor do I stand in any degree of relationship with you. Your mother left this world when you came into it; the moment that commenced your existence finished that of the beautiful Lucy Raven. Her father lived in a cabin hard by the great north road, where it runs through the estate of Lord Surly. Poor Lucy was not only handsome, but elegant. Some women inherit from nature an air and address that no human art can reach, and this is no uncommon case in the lower ranks of mortals, however despised in all things by the higher.—Your unfortunate mother possessed all the beauties I have mentioned, and soon became the object of dangerous attentions from her superiors. No traveller passed along but he admired her, and fame frequently sounded at the hall the praises of the charming

rustic. There trumpetings were not lost upon his Lordship, and Lucy in an evil hour became one of his household, on Lady Surly's establishment. She accompanied the family down to Scotland, and returned after the lapse of not many months, in that state as an unmarried woman, which the ordinances of mankind have ever been at war with. From circumstances in early life, which I now have not time and breath to relate, I became bound in grateful duty to Lady Surly, and Lucy was confided to my care. That lady, in the goodness of her heart, had compassion for the unfortunate girl; she took a painful interest in her unhappy situation, alledging, that conscience reproached her for being an instrument in part of the disgrace, by taking her to be about her person, and thereby placing her so far in the power of Lord Surly. Every necessary expense was defrayed by Lady Surly, and who, since the death of your mother, has regularly paid an annuity to

me, of fifty pounds a year, to feed and clothe and school you. It is arranged that after my death, the worthy woman that has but now left the room, is to take that trust upon herself, until you are fourteen, when you are to be apprenticed. Let me conjure you, my dear child, to be dutiful and obedient to those who have the care and instruction of you, and ever bear in heart the greatest reverence for Lady Surly ; but approach her not, that is forbidden. She sufficiently suffers in the retrospect of your birth, to endure an additional pang by the sight of you. Now," looking stedfastly to the foot of the bed, she exclaimed, " Dear spirit, I am coming ! There stands your mother !" and faintly articulating her blessing, shrieked out, " I am coming !" made a convulsive leap, and died without a groan. Overwhelmed with terror, I ran crying out of the room, whilst the woman that left it as I entered, flew to the bed-side, and closed the good lady's eyes for ever.

where coercion is regulated by impatience and by impunity in the exercise of power.

It has been remarked, that it is chiefly the love of governing in mean people, that supports human nature in the tedious slavery of a schoolmaster; and it might have been added, in the pleasure which such despots take in „punishing. Their system is breast-law, and is consequently partial and capricious, in common with all systems where the nature of the subject is not properly studied. A humane Frenchman assigns the method of instructing by dint of blows, to depravity, and charges the Europeans only with being guilty of it, whom he estimates without ceremony, to be the wickedest of mankind. If with us, says he, fathers beat their children, it is because they love them not; if they send them abroad to nurse, it is because they love them not; if they place them as soon as they have acquired a little growth, in boarding-schools and

colleges, it is because they love them not ; if they keep them at a distance from themselves at every epoch of life, it must undoubtedly be because they look upon them as their heirs. Worthy St. Pierre ! I learn that thou wast last month deposited in the dust ; and mayest thou arise to perpetual peace, which thy endeavours to bring about upon earth produced such peals of laughter.

Birch may create a pedant, but genius is dismayed by this handful of vengeance ; she renounces her prospect of bays, and declines into nothing. The achievement of this exploit may be a part of the conscious merit which certain demagogues have been known to assume : like other governors, not here necessary to name, they are enemies to wit, a rod that lashes keener, keener by far, than their cruel birch, which they sooner or later know by experience. For wit has not always that cautious respect for old women's rock-

staves, and formal precedents, as might be wished. Its ebullitions are adjudged to be dangerous, and therefore is it a main point in the education of youth to check them in the bud. Actuated by this laudable motive, the severe Sumner flagellated the elegant Smith, for his epitaph upon the silly Taffy Woodward, who so officiously introduced Kikero the poet and Novid the orator to his master's friends in his absence. In vain may wise men recommend that pupils be tried by their peers, as an admirable method of fixing sound principles of justice in their minds, instead of the summary insult of the rod, when some wonderful nothing has put a demagogue out of temper, for the prejudice in favour of old times, stands in the door-way of such sage counsel. From evil springs good, thanks to the Father of all goodness. Hence hath Freedom many a friend, that she might have felt the want of, but from the ab-

horrence of arbitrary power implanted so early in the hearts of indignant children. Hence her throne is cemented by many a big round tear, extracted by the rod of a schoolmaster.

CHAP. III.

HAVING reached the age of fourteen, I was taken from school, in order to be apprenticed. Two trades for my future welfare held a balance in Lady Surly's mind. The worthy woman who had now for five years most kindly supplied the place of my foster-mother, came laughing to me at the idea of one of them, and immediately named that of a tailor in London. Accustomed from what I had experienced at school to bear vexation decently, yet I could not conceal my mortification at the indignity here offered to me. A linen-draper in a market-town was the other, to which it was proposed that I should be indentured. Even the propensity of a boy to see London, could not surmount the degrading employment

of a snip. I had began to have shrewd reasons to know that I was already more than the ninth part of a man, and flattered myself that long before my apprenticeship expired I should possess all the parts of one : my governess smiled, and said, from the little she knew of me, not a doubt remained upon her mind, that I should make as good a man as the best of them, and that she would represent my objection to her ladyship, who she believed would consent to sink the tailor, for she was all goodness. In truth I did not much relish the drapering scheme, but as beggars are not to be choosers, I said nothing about it. I held Lady Surly in reverence and gratitude, for her generous care of me from helpless infancy, and through defenceless youth, that it never entered my mind to oppose her wishes, yet the tailoring concern excused a little remonstrance.

My master was a high-spirited worthy little fellow, and would have made, had

Madam Fortune been in good humour at the time his station was allotted on this earthly ball, a nobleman in the proper sense of the word and meaning of the term. He possessed precisely the turn of mind that unfits a man for the submissiveness of trade,—yet was he civil and kind to all; but this civility not unfrequently partook of the politeness of one gentleman towards another, which argued more equality, than certain great folk who came to lay out their money with him, approved of. They construed his manly urbanity into insolence and the effect of revolutionary principles, and gradually declined from him. The meanest person that approached his counter for two-penny worth of ribbon, met with a civility that naturally emanated from his breast; whereas, revolutionists carry themselves with an equal insolence towards the small as the great. People are never wanting to tell a man what evil things are spoken of him. Poor S. heard them soon enough, and said

in his haste, that all men were liars. This untradesmatic retort went back by the same conveyance that brought the slander, and was any thing, we may suppose, than serviceable to him. His receipts fell from their accustomed sufficiency, which in the natural course of things begat vexation, and vexation begat idleness, and idleness begat drinking, and drinking begat remorse, and remorse begat despair, and so ended the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

To hear some people speak of the nobility, one would conclude, until set right in that particular, that a son of a lord was a son of a bitch. I have at no time felt disposed to argue the question with myself, seeing that my unfortunate mother had mistaken some essential points in good breeding, but I never could dispossess my mind of a certain something attaching to the being a son of a lord, whether by his right hand or by his left ;—and it was my rooted opinion, that I was too well bred to be a draper, and nothing could I find in the sterling notions of the world that did not confirm me in it. One idea upon the matter led to another, and when in this train of thought, how complacently we reason, has furnished many a moralist

with a wise sentence. Thus every morning and evening that I opened and shut the shop windows, disgust was excited; and seldom touched the yard-wand, that my blood did not boil with indignation. As but too many apprentices have from different causes felt nearly the same sensations, it will be needless to describe them further. A few of the consequent inattentions, and idle wanton tricks, may be related, as probably they may be amusing to age, and instructive to youth: and the diversion that one in particular afforded to myself, must plead in excuse for the egotism. Affixing a quill to a stick, and loading it with small shot, I sprung it from my hand against the edge of the counter, discharging the contents at the passing dogs in the street, and not unfrequently at the legs of his Majesty's subjects. At first this feat was performed with but little effect, but after repeated trials I became skilful, and the yelping of the dogs, with the occasional wincing of the men, gave

me more satisfaction than I have since experienced from a day's partridge shooting. I had been for a considerable time at this practice, before the sufferers could ascertain whence this galling fire proceeded; but at length was detected in the very act—the graceless act. I verily believe the dogs found me out first, as I had latterly observed that the gentry of that description, at which I was daily accustomed to take shots in the early part of my career, had cunningly forsaken the range of my battery; yielding the peculiar honour of being peppered to the puppies who are wont to tell of the delight they take in such things. The person that detected me, was one of my master's drinking companions; he had indeed promised not to tell, on condition of my gun being laid aside, but as I had in the spirit of revenge played some other tricks upon him, he disclosed all, and made a formal complaint of me, over the bottle, as a nuisance. My master returned that even-

ing from his club, sooner than usual; I saw him much nettled, but as carousing had frequently that effect upon him, he being given to quarrel when tipsy, took no notice of it, but kept away from him. He had always treated me kindly, not even in his moments of irritation speaking harshly or peevish, whilst he would do both to his faithful journeyman, who deserved it not. Much more sober this night than usual, I was greatly surprised at his calling me into his parlour in a loud and angry tone, and when I went in, not a little alarmed at his speaking, or rather vociferating, “George Raven, have I not always treated you well, always as a father would deal by his child?—you young rascal, have I not, have I not, I say? Well may my customers leave me, when such a vagabond as you presume to shoot at them as they go out of the shop, or pass by the door in their way along the street—what have you to say for yourself, you young villain, you ungrateful scoundrel,

you ?” The blood of my proud and surly lord and father, rushed into my fists at these ignominious epithets, and I blush to say, that I struck my master. He was a very short man, very stiff, and as resolute as is the victorious puguator of Thisselton-Gap. Although I was rising into manhood, with proportionate strength and activity, he beat me heartily, and sent me to bed. He generously forbore striking my head and face, observing during the action, that I had noble blood in my veins, and he would not spill it. I had too much spirit to sleep after a scene so disgraceful, and too much of the remains of good things early implanted, not to be distressingly ashamed of my conduct. Arising early in the morning, I went and tapped at his chamber-door, and was greatly relieved on hearing him, with his wonted voice of gentleness, say, ‘ Come in,’ for he heard me leave my room, and guessed the cause of it. Approaching his bed-side, I implored his forgiveness : he took my hand

between both his, and shook it most kindly, and granted his pardon with a tear of no mean magnitude—gently insinuating regret for the provoking expressions he had used ; saying, that if his own rank and situation in society were not those of a gentleman, he had the feelings and spirit of one, undiminished, and untainted by the state into which it pleased God to call him : and was roused to inflict summary chastisement upon any one that dared to make use of an insulting expression towards him, much less could he endure a blow, and that blow from the hand of his indentured servant.

CHAP. V.

My shooting was entirely put an end to by this information, and the penalty I paid, acted as a practical lesson of moral wisdom, which I trust was profited by. Would that all informations laid against people for shooting, had so good an effect. Would, that they originated in motives so praiseworthy, were inflicted so justly, and ended as this did, in mutual peace and friendship. Detesting the business, I had not, as has been seen, taken much interest in the conduct of my master's concerns, forgetting the duties imposed upon me by the implied conditions of my indenture. But this scene at once opened my eyes, and filled my heart with gratitude and respect towards him. No crested seal while it impressed the yielding wax,

even united the contracting parties so indissolubly as this simple act and deed had done ; no witnesses were present, nor maker's name in vain was taken. It was the agreement of two warm hearts in the presence only of the Searcher of all hearts. Conscience frequently reproached me for my former neglect, and I now laboured to the utmost of my power to atone for it. But it required other exertions than mine to recover lost confidence in matters of trade. The journeyman, a steady, honest man, had for sometime been the staff and stay of the business, universally giving satisfaction by his unassuming and punctual manner of conducting it. He had, I well knew, conceived a most hearty contempt for me, which his freezing silence, and marked gravity, spake but too plainly. Whoso acts foolishly and wrong in the sight of an honest man, but will experience these manifest signs of his inmost opinion of such doings. The best of lessons that be given by such as have

not power to be more summary. But even this good and faithful servant's efforts were of but little avail. Poor S. had, for reasons before-mentioned, materially diminished the number of his customers, and he had set the street agad by building a new house; with a much larger shop than that of the old one, and at a time, said his good-natured neighbours, when a smaller one would have answered every purpose. An elegant drawing-room, with its expensive appurtenances, and the appendage of tasty cornices, did not in the least tend to silence these charitable observations, whilst not seldom did the makers of them partake of his hospitality beneath these same cornices. Travellers, it grieved me to see, as often called now for payments, as hitherto they had for orders, and he was obliged to break into the honest nature of his heart, and make excuses too weak to answer the desired effect; on the contrary, they tended to accelerate the catastrophe he dreaded so

much. Never did these unhappy interviews occur, but the bottle was resorted to with tenfold fury in the evening. When a man gives himself up to drinking, he has to select his companions from people that have also contracted the baneful habit; and from whatever causes, fair character sinks in the world's opinion so deep as scarcely by any effort, to be raised again. This was precisely my master's case. Creditors became clamorous, and one more zealous in the cause, than good-nature or policy justified, took possession of his person, and lodged him in the common gaol of that same town where he had lived inoffensively for years, and in the marked esteem of numbers of its best inhabitants. These last, now, whilst condemning his follies, were lamenting his misfortunes; and not unfrequently would ejaculate, 'Alas! poor S. this will break his heart.' A young gentleman, who had known his good qualities, so soon as he heard of this violence, flew to his assistance, satisfied

the angry creditor, and released my helpless master. The remainder, who disapproved of the treatment he had experienced, came into a moderate composition, and did all that the nature of things would admit of, to set him agoing again unshackled. Their liberality and kindness might not be said to be thrown away upon him, for he was warmly grateful, but it was fruitless. If ever he looked up again, or smiled at heart, it was at those moments only when he dwelt upon their generosity. The disgrace of the gaol at other times preyed so keenly upon his spirit, that the most distant allusion to it gave rise to sensations so poignant that the creditor, hardened as he was, must have wept had he witnessed them. If reading a newspaper, his eye caught one of the numberless cases there recorded, resembling his own, he would betray such evident distress that the most fatal consequences have been apprehended. On these occasions would the honest journey-

man leave even the concerns of the shop to watch over his master : nor leave him, good and faithful servant, until he had hushed his remorse, and assuaged his regrets. Business was now carried on upon a smaller scale ; and though he would attend to his accounts, and other private matters, yet shrunk from the counter, alledging, that he could not meet the eye of those customers, whom he had served with so much pleasure, in happier days. The drawing-room he proposed should form a part of handsome lodgings for the military of a contiguous garrison. His friend in need wrote to him from Plymouth that he had just married, and would, until a house offered to suit, set people the example by first taking them. Mr. D. the gentleman I speak of, was what the vulgar call an oddity ; what the prudent and worldly call point black, a madman. The truth might rest between both, for that his brains were somewhat mercurial cannot be denied. But that is nothing in England.

Some men get through the world the better for it. His intentions were doubtless to serve his friend ; but he neglected a very material point in these fastidious days. The lady he married was a daughter of Admiral , who had recently died, and very poor. His children had been educated and bred in all respects consonant with the elevated rank of their father, and at his death became almost destitute. The eldest daughter was, unfortunately for herself, very handsome ; and as is but too often the case under the circumstances described, was seduced by an army officer, under the old story, promise of marriage, and who deserted her in a few months. Mr. D. then serving in the . . . shire militia, was with the regiment at the time this affair occupied the conversation of the officers after dinner. He was observed to listen attentively throughout the relation of, and comments upon, the facts in question ; when suddenly he started up and left the room. The company made

themselves merry a little while at his expense, knowing how eccentric he could be, and the subject passed away to another, and another and another. In the mean time he procured leave for a few parades, and set off secretly that night for London, where the deluded girl had been left by her seducer. With all the delicacy of a gentleman, and the ardour of a knight-errant, he stated the object of his journey, the circumstances of his fortune, and then offered her his hand, judging that to be the most effectual mode of redressing her wrongs. Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed when self-interest reminded him that he was depending upon his mother for his fortune, as it not being entailed, she could dispose of it as she pleased: yet he knew her to be good and affectionate, and there was not much danger of her doing any thing so unnatural. Whilst it weighed not lightly in his mind, that he also had a great affection and respect for her; so paused,

and hesitated, something more than confirmed madmen are given to, and at length came to the resolution of stating the whole affair to her. When he had written an honest narrative, fear told him that she would immediately put a stop to the connection, when conscience in return informed him that he had now gone too far to recede; and keenly smote him for raising expectations, and elating the heart of an unfortunate girl, with the most cheering of all prospects—that of being reinstated in society by marriage. Whilst these conflicting feelings tore his breast, the beautiful victim entered the room. Here romantic honour set worldly prudence at defiance, and the madman was himself again. I will not surfeit the reader with periods of high-flown sentiment; sufficient is it to say, that this fact finds its parallel in all novels, in some plays, and on extraordinary occasions, in real life. The result of Mr. D.'s determination was marriage, mutually agreeing to keep it

secret until his mother could be reconciled. Some years after I was relating this story to some friends, of which number was a Captain Romant, who rising from his chair came round to my side of the table, and with much animation inquired where he lived? Where he was to be found? In England, Ireland, Scotland, Europe, where? declaring his anxiety to go and take him by the hand, and kiss his fair bride, in congratulation of so knightly, so noble a husband! When I informed him that Mr. D. was dead, and his widow was I knew not where, his countenance fell; and returning slowly to his seat, was lost in thought for the rest of the evening. The marriages of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, being frequently published in the London papers, and more particularly those of strangers, they judged it prudent to be united in another parish, as less likely to reach the ears of old Mrs. D. before the hoped-for reconciliation. Lies ride so fast, that

truth but too often overtakes them, not until too late, and here was an unhappy instance. It was the news of the day at P. that our hair-brained friend was coming down with a lady to lodge at my master's house, having neglected the necessary form of marrying her before he set out. Mrs. D. and my master were the last to hear of it; the former had sometime before generously done what mothers are ever prone to do, when not rendered callous by the ways of the world. She sent her blessing, and invited them down to receive her maternal embrace. At the same time the newspapers stated their marriage to have been at St. George's. This was an ill-advised plan of their own, hoping from its publicity that calumny would have no shade to rest under, which it might if the real church were mentioned, being in a part of the town not the most celebrated for chastity. He came with his wife to P. . . . , and received from the good lady his mother the gentle kiss

of peace. A week had scarcely elapsed when a neighbour called upon my master to inform him for his good as a tradesman, that he had taken an improper person into his house, and the town were talking of nothing else. He was assured to the contrary, and that their certificate would confirm it beyond all doubt, if any could remain after the publication of the newspapers, and that any and all persons were welcome to see it. Much chagrined at the turn the affair was taking, he waited upon old Mrs. D. acquainting her in the most delicate manner he could with the rumour of the place. She had just heard of it from another person, and was at that moment anxiously considering of what was best to be done. Generous in her own nature, and having a high opinion of her son, she would not credit a word of it, and returned with him to examine the certificate. On the paper being produced, she in vain looked for St. George's Church, Hanover Square; and when her son ex-

cused himself as before stated, she rated him with the genuine fervour of honesty ; declaring, that truth need no finesse when required to be spoken ; and looking at the poor wife, said, that slander had fastened a tooth in her good name, and would not cease gnawing whilst any remained. Then in an altered tone, took God to witness that she believed them to be married ; but to satisfy the better part of their neighbours, she would request her good friend Mr. C. immediately to write to the minister of the parish, conjuring him to recertify the error. This was done ; but before the confirmation could arrive, a letter had been dispatched from another quarter. At a village a few miles from P. lived a brawling, mischievous fellow. He had been a player, and possessing talents of a superior kind in the walk of comedy, with no small share of assurance, played himself into the affections of a lady with ten thousand pounds to her fortune. He then left the stage, and lived

as half gentleman and half blackguard. His talents ensured a good réception in companies far above his own respectability, even with ten thousand pounds in his pocket ; and his impudence made him very easy when there. At public tables he would drink hard, quarrel, and fight *à la Mendoza* ; but when invited to another sort of decision of the argument, would decline it, alleging that he would not stand to be shot at like a rook. Yet when a serious and alarming fire occurred in his village he evinced a degree of courage, which greatly surprised those who best knew him, and regained the esteem of some that had long been in the habit of despising him. Now this man, in the natural turbulence of his temper, not only pretended to doubt of the marriage, but denied the assertions of Mr. D.'s friends in a manner so peremptory that a wager was the consequence, which was to be decided by applying to the clergyman of St. George's Church. No sooner was the

money staked than he produced a letter received in reply to one that he addressed to the reverend gentleman. This letter in course was to the effect that no such persons had been married at his church, no such names were inserted in the register, and consequently, no certificate had been granted. The following day Mr. C. received an answer from the minister of the other parish, in which the unfortunate couple were united, yet few could be brought to credit it. The fastidious, at the instigation of this officious swaggerer, called upon my master to clear his house of people, who had violated the decorum of the place, and denounced vengeance in case of non-compliance. He, under the conviction of the wrong that was done them, and proud of the opportunity of shewing his gratitude, positively refused. Mr. D. fearful of the evil consequence, so far as concerned his friend, whom he had so recently lifted above distress, ordered a chaise, and drove off to his regiment, mor-

tified in the extreme, that he had so unconsciously injured him. His intention being to serve him, he the more regretted the neglect of a little prudence and foresight, which would have prevented the whole. The inhabitants were as good as their word, almost instantly deserting our shop, and influencing their opulent acquaintances in the country to do the same. The wives and daughters of the last-mentioned had compassionated my master's misfortunes, and had been excellent customers latterly ; and thus leaving him, his ruin was inevitable. Poor fellow, he returned to the bottle with redoubled avidity : not in the company of those he had before consorted with, but secretly in his back parlour, reducing himself to a state of degradation, as is scarcely to be conceived by those who have not seen a man sit down by himself, and get drunk before sun down. When sleep had somewhat restored his faculties, the journeyman would occasionally expostulate, but

seldom met with any other return than peevish replies, impatient thanks, and sometimes commanding requests to forbear impertinence. I went one morning into his chamber after he had slept off a debauch, for some papers which he kept in a bureau there, when he spoke to me with more than common kindness, desiring me to take down the papers, and return to him. On re-entering his room, he sighed deeply, and said, "George, I am dying of a broken heart. Ruin stares me in the face, and regret consumes me. On this side of the grave I shall not be long. Alas! if I were, a gaol would again be my hard lot. If I can forgive the unfeeling creditor that cast me there, say I have christian charity, for that suffering has ever since preyed upon my mind, night and day. When sleeping, I continually dream of it; and when awake, can think of nothing else: therefore die I must, and soon. [†] I shall leave very little property indeed, and that little must go to

my sisters' children, and this you and the journeyman will see done. Now before I leave the world, let me give you some advice. Beware of my follies, you have witnessed them, and let their miserable effects be a constant warning to you through life. If your mind be not calculated for the business you are now engaged in, give some other every consideration; and when your election is made, never change again — nay, never even think of it; for the versatile brain is barren, and the rolling stone gathers no moss. Had I but embraced another occupation at your age, there was hardly one that could have come within my understanding but I had been happy with, so much did I dislike this which I was compelled to follow. The want of the jewel of peace in that respect alone were sufficient to have broken the spirit of a man with less patience and courage, and less fortified with contempt for the scornful. Few, I hope, have known like me,

The inward gnaw of discontent.

And that you may avoid it, I give this advice ; for plainly have I seen, in various instances, your almost unconquerable dislike to shepkeeping. You will soon be a turnover apprentice, and may meet with a master less friendly disposed towards you than I have ever been : yet take shame, deep shame to myself, that I have set you so bad an example. You have been, I could not but observe, most anxious in your endeavours to make up for any difference we may have had, although I required no more service on that account. Your grateful little nameless attentions have given me sensible pleasure on many occasions, and bespeak a good heart. My dear George, you are worthy of a better fate than, I fear, attends you ; Lord Surly partakes by nature but too much of his name, or he would have ere this done something for you. But for Lady S. God knows what would have be-

come of you. She got the start of her lord, and her virtues for some time awed him into some sense of shame, and occasionally he has made inquiries concerning you. Pride would not allow him to acknowledge it, and he always requested that I would not tell you of it; and lest it should beget some ill-will on his part I complied—but lately every remembrance of you has sunk into apathy, or worse, and his inquiries have ceased. Therefore expect nothing from him, but look up to the kind lady for services in future, and ever hold her in heartfelt gratitude for those of the past. God bless you. I shall die in a week. See me safe into my grave; tell my enemies that I have forgiven them all, as God may forgive me. Take seriously into consideration all that I have said, for a dying man is sometimes a true prophet." I had little other to reply to such an unexpected address, than to thank him; beg him to keep up his spirits, and console him with the prospect of yet many

happy days that were possibly in store for him. Poor man, he dressed, came down stairs, and sat half an hour ; but feeling very ill, requested me to carry him to bed. Whilst bearing him there, he whispered that he should never get out again, and required a clergyman, and died that afternoon whilst the reverend gentleman was praying with him. The journeyman and myself followed him to the grave ; the creditors seized upon his effects, leaving nothing for his sister's children ; and his neighbours worded his epitaph most uncharitably.

CHAP. VI.

HAVING every objection to being turned over to another shop like a bale of cloth, and my aversion to a yard-wand returning with redoubled force, I resolved to take up my stick and walk. That serious deliberation which my poor master so earnestly recommended, was not resorted to. The fancy struck, that I should make the best of my way to a sea-port, and if nothing favourable occurred before I reached it, I was to endeavour to weather a gale. As I crossed the market-place, a crowd gathered round some soldiers attracted my attention. A young lad was about enlisting, whilst a respectable looking old woman was trying to persuade him to go home, and earn his bread at labouring work, as his father had done

before him ; that his going for a soldier would break his mother's heart, which would bring his little brother and sister to the parish, with many other well-meaning things that are commonly advanced as dissuatives, whenever an old woman finds a young man inclined to place his life and liberty in one scale, his food and raiment in the other. " What can a poor man do better ?" said a serjeant of the Royal Forresters, who was endeavouring to recruit him. " What can a poor man do better, I say, in these dear times, than list for a soldier, and gloriously fight the bloody French, and be a gentleman soldier too, and ride a fox-hunter ? No mud beating, no carrying a heavy firelock, but riding in boots and spurs like a 'squire." This eloquent appeal had the desired effect, and the youth marched to the rendezvous with him, singing, " With my long sword, saddle, bridle, whack ! row de dow." I saw through the trick, as also that the serjeant was more knave than fool, and that

the countryman was more fool than knave. Nineteen years afterwards, I met with the last-mentioned ; it was in Ireland, and he was in the Carabineers ; after many hair-breadth escapes and hard services in each corps, he was still a full private. Asking what was his motive for enlisting, for I knew him to be not distressed, he readily answered ;

“ It was pride and ambition,

The fear of want and the hope of a commission.”

The bold dragoon thought he had said a very good thing, nor did I endeavour to diminish his self-complacency. But, I believe, this was the reply to a like question, put to a corporal, by a general officer, upwards of fourscore years before, and my old acquaintance might have gathered it from the officers of the regiment, he being a servant, whilst waiting upon his master. Such are the bubbles we blow when young, and such is the indifference with which we see them burst, when old.

I left the recruiting party, and started for L. taking what is termed French leave of the shop, and all that belonged thereto. Being driven by a shower to take shelter under a haystack, there were sitting under it several labourers, interrupted in their work by the rain, listening earnestly to an old pensioner who was dilating with much ardour on the days of his youth, when in the twentieth regiment. He was in the heat of the battle of Minden, when I sat down amongst his audience. The hero was eloquent, but he swore dreadfully ; and when he came to order Lord Germain up with the cavalry, I expected his hayfork would have been through some of us,—such was the action of his body, and the indignation of his soul. Foaming at the mouth and grating his teeth, he uttered such execrations against the panic-struck nobleman, that I verily believe were never exceeded by my uncle Toby's armies in Flanders. Unaccustomed to hear such reprobate expressions, my blood

ran cold, whilst his fellow-labourers laughed at the oaths, and hung upon the story. “ Well, but old gentleman,” for that was his title amongst them, said one, “ did not the other great lord come and help you, like ? ” — “ O God bless him ! an’ he did ; the dragoons, sir,” turning to me, “ the dragoons were crying on their horses, ’cause that coward did not lead them on. But the Marquis of Granby, bless him, his soul’s in heaven, I hope ; and Germain’s is in hell, is as true as I am here, by G—d ! The Marquis of Granby brought up the horse without him, G—d damn him. To see how carefully he trotted through the wounded infantry, would have done your heart good. Some of them told me after it was over, that he kept calling out, ‘ Take care of the wounded, don’t ride over the wounded, there’s brave fellows.’ And when he got up to us, he did so whack after the French ! — but it was too late, damn ’em. We had made ’em run first, and were out of wind in trying to

catch 'em. And though the horse passed us at full gallop, neither could they come up with the scampering rascals. They ran like hares, blast 'em!" That the old gentleman was out of wind in the pursuit after the battle, I can easily credit, but not more so than he now was with going over the ground again. The shower having ceased, I wished the hay-makers a fair day, and proceeded on my journey.

The circumstance of being thrown into military company, twice in so short a period of time, continually came across my mind as I passed along. An anxiousness about something relating to soldiering itself, perplexed and almost distressed me. Fatigued far beyond any thing I had ever experienced, I arrived towards evening at W . . . The public house that I went into was filled with soldiers, who were singing, drinking, and dancing, in all respects making their maxim good, of "a short life and a merry one." Soldiers again! thought I; three times in one short

day, to encounter them. However I sat down in a corner of the room, and called for refreshment. The fellows eyed me so closely that I had determined to quit the house so soon as I had rested myself a little. In the mean-time, thirsty with my walk, pot after pot not only relieved me of fatigue, but as if by magic, I felt my spirits mount up to the gaiety of the passing scene, and began to dance and sing as they did. The doctrine of fate, which more or less takes hold of every mind, whispered that my destiny was war, and that great things might come of it; so a soldier I became in his Majesty's fifth regiment of foot. Idle would it be to relate how soon a bounty is gone on these occasions, and how soon a young man that has seen better days repents of what he has done. Arriving at the regiment, the parade and show and martial music, for a time, have their attractions; but these soon pass away, leaving nothing but unspeakable regret, and unavailing

sorrow. I did experience these, and therefore tell them feelingly, which will be subscribed to implicitly by the few that have been in the like situation. God help the man that possesses a few notions above the common herd, that by any accident becomes a private soldier !

Time had assuaged a few of my griefs, when the fifth was ordered, with several other regiments, upon the expedition to Holland. Every one knows how gallantly the Helder Point was taken, which was all we had to boast of throughout the campaign. It is true, when the Duke did arrive, we advanced and fought, and retreated and fought again ; not unfrequently dispensing with the ceremonies of eating and sleeping. During these operations the full-charged clouds emptied themselves upon our heads unceasingly, sometimes scarcely taking the trouble of dividing the water into drops. At the affair of the Sandhills, having received a wound that rendered me unable to use

my firelock, I was ordered into the rear. Whilst there, a soldier of our regiment was led to the hospital tent, wounded. The man looked cheerful, although on taking off his belts, and opening his waistcoat, the blood spouted from the orifice of a musket ball that had entered his breast, and lodged there. The surgeon ordered the place only to be dabbed with lint, as we conceived to occupy his mind, until he fainted to death, which was quickly expected. A lieutenant came to us at the time with orders for the tent to be removed further into the rear, for the brigade would fall back almost immediately. He fixed his eye upon the bleeding soldier, and turned so pale that the gallant sufferer smiled upon him in contempt. The officer faced about, walked off the field, and proceeded with all haste to the seaside. The men of war's boats were there in readiness to convey dispatches to the packets lying off. Addressing himself to a coxswain whom he knew, said, that he

had dispatches for England, requiring to be put on board without delay. This was done, and he caused one of the ships to weigh, and put across. Landing at Yarmouth this vagabond took chaise and four as he gave out for London, and was not heard of for many years after. The cowardice then forgotten, his worthless life was saved : recognised only as a convicted swindler, justice banished him his native country. Although for another crime, yet must the punishment come home to his bosom, as no mean retribution for basely deserting her cause, in the hour of danger.

One third of the privates of the army was composed of volunteers from the militia, hastily got together ; that were not even so much as assimilated to the regiments they affected, by uniform clothing, but continued to wear that of the respective corps they had left, and half worn out in the disgraceful orgies which a militia volunteering seldom fails to pro-

duce. Commanded by officers that had never seen them before, and consequently knew not Jack from Tom, nor Harry from George; their own, with the abatement of a few of the veriest greenhorns, being denied that honour, as unworthy of rank and confidence. To have observed the confusion in action ye labelled, abused, and scorned militia captains; but for the misfortune and disgrace to your country, you would have cracked your cross-belts with laughter, and offered your services in derision. This confusion was rendered more distressing by the rain, which fell in such torrents, that sometimes not one piece in six could be got off, whilst the mortified soldiers were swearing and blasting inconceivably. Now this was not the case with the enemy, who did not appear to slacken their fire at all. When the unfortunate business was over, and we came into conversation with the French, they commended our gallantry, yet could not forbear being pleasant upon our discipline,

and soldierlike appearance. In the language of the Great Frederick, they styled our general a land-admiral, and gave him great thanks for waiting after the Helder affair, until they had received reinforcements sufficient to make fighting interesting. They rallied General Loud, who was shouting and noising about, with but half a feather in his hat ; and thereby hung a tale which sharpened their asperity. At the storming of the Point, this officer displayed undaunted courage, but it partook less of the lion than of the tiger. Half his plume was shot away and fell down by the side of his horse ; dismounting he placed it in the cockade of his hat, and thundered out a most tremendous oath, accompanied with an expression which I will not repeat ; implying that the enemy should not have an atom of it. This by the soldiers was called spunk ; by the officers, raïf ; and indeed both opinions of it were not far from the truth. I forget what the French said of it, but the

general possibly recollects, for they told him.

My wound was slight, and healed very soon after our return to England ; but a lingering bilious fever, taken in the marshes of Holland, reduced me almost to a decline, and weakened me to that degree, that the staff-surgeons pronounced me unfit for service, and I was accordingly discharged with several others in much the same state. By slow journies I proceeded to P. in order to make the amende honourable for the unceremonious manner of leaving it. My sickly appearance produced a rebuke more gentle than high health and idleness might have provoked. I kept my military adventure to myself ; and as more things than one indicated distress, my master that was to have been, forbore inquiries ; nay, he kindly offered me employment, which I declined with acknowledgments, having ether guise notions in my head than tapes and muslins ; but what they were, I had not yet

precisely ascertained. One of the creditors of poor S. offered me money, observing that the journeyman had informed him, that I had latterly done what lay in my power to keep things together. On inquiring where the journeyman was, that I might personally thank him for his good report, they knew not,—he had taken some disgust at the final settlement of his late master's affairs, and departed as quietly as I did ; for if he had, said they, a bad quality, it was that of a close and sullen temper.

CHAP. VII.

No longer a private soldier—no longer a well-fed and well-clothed slave, but enjoying liberty and free air, hours of my own and a bed to myself. Health returned, and I began seriously to consider of the necessity of applying the little knowledge and experience I had so dearly purchased to some useful account. I could hit off nothing but what required some capital to start with, the common stumbling-block when a man wishes to enter into the sweet hive of industry, and play an active part there. One morning whilst taking the subject into my high consideration, a woman inquired at the door of my lodgings for me, when to my inexpressible surprise found that she was the worthy person who had the care of me until appren-

ticed, for I had been informed of her death. She had been to London on another charitable employment on the part of Lady Surly, who had sent for her, on my account alone. She informed me that her ladyship having heard of my return in bad health and apparently distressed, was willing, angry as she had been at my conduct, to make one more effort in my favour. She knew of my being in the fifth by the merest accident, and believed it was a secret still in that neighbourhood, should I wish it so to remain. As I had champed the bit of indiscretion Lady S. augured that much good would result from it, and had determined to give me one more trial. The worthy messenger proceeded to say, that nothing was to be expected from my reputed father, for he was a man endued with few other feelings than bad ones. But she was not commissioned to say this from his Lady, on the contrary, she never spoke of him but with respect, or at least in much mitigation of his con-

duct. However the purport of the message was, that Lady Surly could get me appointed to a lieutenancy in a militia regiment, out of which I could, if so inclined, volunteer into the regular army as an officer. That her ladyship most particularly requested that I would never on any account approach her; she knew not my person, and could be of no more service if she did; but made known, the sight of me would not only wound her feelings, but lacerate them far beyond the gross conceptions of men upon such occasions. I bowed acquiescence, and sending grateful thanks, walked to Nightingale Lane, with a mind at ease; and with spirits, long accustomed to depression, raised to what on earth is called delight. The next day I received by the same hand, bank notes to the amount of one hundred pounds, some large and others small, to prevent impertinent surmises, from the circumstance of a poor man so suddenly having money about him. In less

than a fortnight I received orders to join the regiment at Ipswich.

Sterne thought he had hit upon a more knowing thing than usual, when he found that we got forward in the world not so much by doing services, as receiving them ; you take a withering plant, said he, and put it in the ground ; and you water it because you have planted it. How often the same thing had been said, Sterne knew right well ; but he was a pilferer, and transposed the harsh language of the solid sense and learning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries into the witty style, and elegant pathos, which gave so much delight in the eighteenth. Here lay more than half the secret of his fascinating pages. It was for him to polish the rough diamond of another, dispose of it as his own, and not be detected until nearly thirty years after his death. But it was for Lady Surly to put in practice the theory of the withering twig—to water it, because she had planted it, and protect

from the winds and the storms, what the seedsman had abandoned ere it peeped from the earth.

I joined the regiment, and was not a little gratified on reading my commission to see gent. at the end of my name. The appellative of gentleman is the ambition of nearly all men: the wise and good, it comprising what is excellent; knaves and fools, it placing them upon a kind of equality with the world. The infamous, for the same reason that Chartres would have given ten thousand pounds for a character. It is amusing to compare the various definitions of this title. The moralist asks, "What, pray, constitutes a gentleman?" and replies, "He is no coward, he is no liar, he is no deceiver: on his word, on his writing, on his profession, on the plain language of his conduct. you may confidently rely." The sportsman tells you, that "by a recent decision it appears that a gentleman in the eye of the law is one that can keep his dogs, and drink his wine

after dinner." The philosopher, that "the pursuits of men are constantly varying with the fashions of the times in which they live—this disposition to change, with a tendency to revert at stated periods to the original point of progression, was happily expressed in the mystical learning of the Egyptians, under the hieroglyphic of a serpent convolved into a circle, and biting his own tail. In the days when the feudal spirit had the possession of the public mind, it was esteemed essential to the character of a gentleman either to fight a duel, or rescue a princess:—now if he would appear with credit in the world, it is equally essential 'to write a book.' This rule is so absolute, as to admit of few exceptions; and this circumstance accounts better than any apology of the author's for the many confused, incompetent and ignorant works, we every day meet with." The antiquarian, that "Before the Revolution, commissioners from the herald's office proceeded at stated times to every

county in the kingdom, and summoned before them all persons who had risen in opulence since their last visit, to take out their coat of arms. The expense was not inconsiderable ; and whoever refused the proposed honour, was obliged, under a penalty, to write his name in the Survey Book, at the top of which appeared in legible characters, ‘ We, the undersigned, renounce all claim to the title of Gentlemen.’” The historian, also an antiquarian, that “ among the lower nobility are accounted the gentry of England, that have no other title, but are descended of ancient families, that have always borne a coat of arms. This kind of honour is derived from the Germans to the rest of Christendom, and was never known in any country where the German customs were unknown, as in Asia, Africa, and America. The Germans anciently warring oft among themselves, painted their scutcheons with the picture of some beast, bird, or other thing, for distinction, and

put some eminent or visible mark upon the crests of their helmets; and this ornament, both of arms and crest, descended by inheritance to their children, to the eldest pure, and to the rest with some note of distinction, such as the old masters of ceremonies, in High Dutch *heralt*, now herald, thought fit. Gentlemen well descended and well qualified have always been of such repute in England, that none of the higher nobility, no, nor the king himself, have thought it unfitting to make them sometimes their companions. Some privileges also belong to gentlemen: anciently if an ignoble person did strike a gentleman in England, he was to lose his hand. A gentleman by stat. *Quint Eliz.* may not be compelled to serve in husbandry. The child of a gentleman, brought up to singing, cannot be taken without the parents' and friends' consent to serve in the king's chapel as others may. The horse of a gentleman may not be taken to ride post."

But the searcher of precedents discovers in the old black-letter chronicle of Master Edmond Howes, the following regulation respecting admission into the houses of Court and Chancery : “ And because that by auncient custom, and by old orders of the houses of Court and Chancery, all those which were admitted into these houses were, and ought to be, *gentlemen*, and that of three descents at least, as Master Gerard Leigh affirmeth ; therefore they which are now admitted are registered by the title and name of gentlemen. But yet notwithstanding this, if they be not gentlemen, it is an error to think that the sonnes of graziers, farmers, merchants, tradesmen, and artificers, can be made gentlemen by their admittance or matriculation in the buttrie roll, or in the steward’s booke of such a house or inn of court ; *for no man can be made a gentleman but by his father*, and be it spoken (with all reverent reservation of duty) the king who hath power to make escuires, knights,

baronets, barons, viscounts, earls, marquisses, and dukes, cannot make a *gentleman*, for gentilitie is a matter of race, and of blood, and of descent, from gentile and noble parents and ancestors, *which no king can give to any but to such as they beget.*" The searcher for precedents in commenting upon this opinion, observes, " This is a very hard sentence pronounced on many of our titled men of the present day, but which, I trust, will be easily removed by the learned gentlemen of our herald's office, who, I make no doubt, can procure documents among their archives of much higher antiquity and authority than the said Master Edmond Howes, in his *auncient* chronicle, to confirm the privilege of the sovereign of uniting gentility with rank or title. I have heard an old saying, that a king can make a duke, but not a gentleman; and this I always understood to be only in reference to the behaviour, and not the rank of the man, on whom the title had been conferred, but it

is plain that Edmond Howes and Master Gerard Leigh think otherwise." In the days of these gentlemen, as well as in the old times before them, when good customs lorded it joyfully over these realms, all this might be the received opinion ; but now the case is altered, for every *thing* is a gentleman. A tailor, it must be confessed, is yet but a gem'man, and a cordwainer not much better ; but a man milliner is quite a gentleman. Even the great Camden would have been hard put to it to have found a coat of arms for such a creature. Heralds in these refined days take the precaution of having the leaves of their old books of record well gilded ; and it is astonishing what a clearer of the sight this is. Now a precedent of armorial bearings can be found even for a man milliner, who walks the streets of London with these essentials of a gentleman, suspended from the bottom of its stays, by a gold chain reaching nearly to its knee, and would scarcely be distinguished from

a lord, but that it never goes to court, having no whiskers, nor attendeth at Tattersal's, lest the horses should kick it. So far from three descents, it never had a prototype ; but grew *sponte orta* out of the luxuries and corruptions of the age.

According to the doctrine of Edmond Howes and Master Gerard Leigh, Cardinal Wolsey was no gentleman, being but the son of a butcher ; nor was Pope Sixtus Quintus, as only that of a swineherd, and in his younger days following that occupation himself. Fortunate it is for the Crown Prince of Sweden that he lives in an age wherein the secret of gilding musty records is known : or any thorough bred puppy might approach his royal highness, and say, " Sir, you are no gentleman." Either the historian is in error respecting coats of arms originating in the Germans, or the incomparable cosmographer, his cotemporary, was misinformed by his learned friend Bara, who gives the tribe of Judah armorial bearings. Thus, ac-

cording to the laws of heraldry, Jews are gentlemen ; indeed they have two very strong pretensions, wealth and ancestry.

Neither was Bara without grounds for this conjecture, as the fair heraldist of Roding makes mention of divers gentlemen among the Jews ; and with pious ingenuity deduces that our blessed Saviour, by his mother's side, was born a gentleman. In her book on armoury, she says, that “ of the offspringe of the *gentilman* Jaseth, came Habraham, Moyses, Aaron, and the profettys ; and also the kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that *gentilman* Jhesus was borne, very God and man ; after his manhode kyng of the land of Jude and of Jues, *gentilman* by his moder Mary, Prince of Cote Amure,” &c. whilst the marvelling sage of the emerald isle gives us point blank to understand that the feudal system solely originated there, and that the gentility of the Jews was but an humble imitation of Irish chivalry. Earnest indeed are his arguments to make good the as-

sertion, and numerous his references to the volumes of old. Fable is frequently the most beautiful of all composition. I honour O'Halloran's learning, and am amused with his romantic love of country, and his manly display of it.

With all deference for these learned authorities, I cannot but agree in a great measure with the sportsman's recent decision, that a gentleman is one that can keep his dogs, and drink his wine after dinner. It conveys much that is comfortable and manly; yet that certain requisite, an estate, can only sustain the character. Alas! I knew not, when rejoicing at the sight of gentleman at the end of my name, how despised a being a poor one ever was, is, and will be, in a country like England. The great tread him into dust; the little-great endeavour to follow their example; whilst the vulgar are taught to condemn him, and draw comparisons to his disadvantage, be he never so inoffensive. Talents and learning go

but to create him the harshest of enemies amongst the wealthy, unless made subservient to their pleasures or politics. Flattery here is his resource, and when not over nice in his dealings he finds a certain and profitable market for it. Flattery in England makes a fortune equally large with trade and commerce; with this advantage, that nothing is hazarded: not land storms or sea storms, not fire or sword, affect this commodity. In France and Italy the market is good, but being established in every corner of those countries, all conditions of men resort to it, and the profits consequently are more diffused, and the material in less esteem. The depreciation in France and Italy in this respect is in nearly the same ratio, as that which paper currency exhibits in regard to bullion at this moment in this country.

CHAP. VIII.

THE officers of the navy and army appear to no little advantage by going amongst them as a stranger. There they are seen studious to please, and seldom failing of success. Those of the present day have not declined from the courtesy and candour of the chivalrous spirits of older time, where men of much higher rank in society held the responsible situations in the service, more particularly in that of the army. As bitters seldom fail of producing sweets, so has the necessity of the times called forth merit from inferior stations, and wisdom has promoted it. This is exemplified in many respects throughout his majesty's forces. The pomp and dignity of arms, combined with minor considerations, make them ambi-

trious, and induce them to uphold with honour, spirit, and good manners, their happy advancement. Too true it is, that the inhabitants of the garrison towns, and other places where they are quartered in England and Scotland, know them not. They turn aside from them on the highway and in the streets, as from a nuisance. So much the worse for both parties. The inhospitables deprive themselves of the intercourse with men of the world in all its climes and quarters, and these in return lose the unspeakable pleasure of associating with accomplished men and women. The first day I dined at the mess was to me an event. I had never seen officers but in the sternness of command, which is unamiable, be the characters never so heart-gaining, and then a private soldier knows nothing of their familiar and unmilitary habits, unless he become a servant, and that I never condescended to, being the son of a lord. Captain Romant was President, a gentleman that I shall have oc-

casion to mention frequently. Having honoured me with his friendship, I had opportunities of knowing much of him. The Vice, was a jovial fellow, a very prince of tales and stories. I actually had never sat down before in the company of gentlemen. The officers were so civil to me on all sides, that I scarcely could attend to what others were doing, that I might make a decent imitation. However, I found after a minute's observation, that crossing the knife and fork betwixt each replenishing of the mouth, and wiping it with the napkin, were not good; and that taking hold of a shank of mutton to carve it, was worse. Let it not be understood that I did these things, but found by certain indications that all such were incorrect. The conversation was any thing but what I had been accustomed to hear, consisting of the turf, the chase, fine women, and military anecdotes.—Greatly embarrassed that they frequently addressed themselves to me, knowing my-

self to be so unfortunately ignorant of fashionable life. They all knew that I was a natural son of Lord Surly's, and consequently hesitated not in treating me with a degree of equality that I was altogether unable to meet. It was yet a secret that I had been behind a counter, and I hoped also of my private soldiering concern. The greenhorns supposed in course that I had seen better days, whilst the men of the world forbore to inquire, from motives of delicacy, having met with but too many instances of the bye-blows of nobility being placed in unhappy predicaments. There was an officer present, a lieutenant of the regiment, who held the same rank in the 5th, whilst I was in it, and although for five days under his command on the baggage-guard during the retreat after the battle of Alkmaar, yet he knew me not. I was the more surprised at this, he being a sharp fellow, and we were once in that time in imminent

recollection in all its bearings and circumstances. In a few days I was sent to drill, in order to be made competent to the duties of a private, as well as those of an officer; for indeed he but indifferently commands, who does not know both of them. I affected great ignorance in the use of the firelock, more particularly in all the childish motions of the fingers and thumbs, the darling importances of our Martinets. I heard the old serjeant-major say to the adjutant, that he wondered what the devil I had been doing wi' my sen, for I knew note.' The various duties of a private soldier and of an officer differed more than I was aware of. I imagined that I knew every word of command that was commonly used, and every interval that was required to be filled up by the commander of a platoon; but having to practise them, became awkward and uneasy; yet how ready are privates to find fault with, nay, quiz their officers. I was amazed to see of what fine materials a militia regiment

was composed; exceeding that of the line in appearance on parade beyond what many wiseacres are inclined to believe: even were a saint to descend from heaven and tell them so, they would have the opinion backed by some high and mighty lord, so little faith have those that sit enthroned in their arm chairs at home, clothed in pride, and wrapt up in prejudice. The battalion of militia occupies more ground, is composed of much taller and stouter men, and its flank companies are incomparably finer than these components of the line. Alas! my reader, take with you, that I am dwelling upon what was in the year 1800, not what is in the year 1814; I am dwelling upon the most flourishing season of our constitutional force, with the exception only of one volunteering, which was to fill up the ranks of the regular army destined for the Holland expedition.

The colonel of our regiment was Sir Mark Stamina; he was much with us,

and when honoured with his presence, Lady S. seldom failed to accompany him, which gave an éclat to our society, not to mention the good she was continually doing amongst the soldiery, their wives and children. Having no family, travelling about, and leaving home, were not inconvenient to them; on the contrary, in the summer and autumn quite pleasant. Sir Mark ever on coming to his regiment, after a long absence, was accustomed to receive his officers on the parade in the most polite manner. He made an elegant bow, it differed widely from the puppyly nod of the present day, but partook of the grace and motion of the last age. The hat was taken off with a dignified sweep to every gentleman as he approached to pay his respects. He had now arrived from his seat in shire, and went through the ceremony here described on the following morning. I was introduced as a recruit; Captain Romant made me known to him, and I was received

with much condescension and polite familiarity. From an observation that fell from him, I greatly suspected that he was acquainted with my history, as also I had some reason to believe the same of Romant, who had treated me with every attention and kindness ; and from his weight with the officers, had influenced them to make all things far more pleasing than an unfortunate militia subaltern is in the habit of experiencing. It was subsequently seen, that I was not mistaken in either surmise, and I owed the great goodwill of them both to the misfortunes of my birth, and the incidental crosses and vexations which followed. In a few days I was honoured with an invitation to dinner, in company with Captain Romant ; and I cannot but mention, that the Colonel observing that this gentleman so kindly took me by the hand, seldom failed to ask me whenever my friend was one of his party ; and they being very intimate, was frequently the case, to my great ad-

vantage and happiness. At the dinner party were some officers from other regiments in garrison, two or three residents of the place, Miss Farquhar, a young lady staying with Lady S. and Mrs. Marshman, with eight or nine of our own gents. The scene was new to me indeed, and I was a mute observer all through the day and evening. Sir Mark was a grave man of learning, but delighted in wit; his heart smiled whenever it was going. An advocate for humour, yet no augher, but could be infinitely entertaining when he pleased, notwithstanding he rather affected the wit and humour of others. Lady Stamina was much better than what is generally termed, one of the best women in the world, for she had the good sense of a man, united with the sincerity and beauty of a woman, and you were at home with her from the first moment of acquaintance. At table she never failed to address herself to the young officers, which immediately did away the

inequality of their situation, and set them altogether at ease. When she did me the honour, I got on very well ; but the Colonel sat so dignified, and with all his courtesy spoke so gravely, that I was any thing than at home with him. This in time consequently wore away ; but such were the first impressions. I was nevertheless overjoyed that I had got into such good company, for having blood in my veins, ambition lurked about my heart. It was Sunday, Sir Mark had no objection to have his friends about him on that day. After the sacred duties of it he would say, it was good to spend the remainder with a heart of cheerfulness, which he held was not unacceptable to the benevolent Father of us all. He did not like, to use his own expression, to be Darby and Joan with Lady Stamina too often, and that dining so was not right. A man sitting only with his wife, has seldom any thing very new to talk about, and he therefore eats too

much, thinks too much, and digests too little. Pretty olive branches produce much affectionate trifling, but it was his misfortune not to have any. Some of the officers had been to church in the town after the brigade service was done. Lady S. asked Romant, how he liked the sermon.

Romant.—I was much edified and delighted with it; for it was upon a subject of all others, from its sublimity, that attracts attention.

Sir Mark.—What was it? I was so much engaged that I could not attend, and take shame to myself that I was not even in the square.

Lady S.—It was on the infinite wisdom and love of God.

Sir Mark.—Then greatly do I regret being absent.

Lady S.—And indeed you might, Sir, for the subject was treated of in a most superior manner—I wish I could say so

much for the delivery ; but that the reverend gentleman could not help—eloquence is not the gift of many.

Romant.—He wound round my heart I know, who am not, I blush to say, much addicted to the hearing of sermons.

I have occasionally seen you at St. Matthew's, Captain Romant, said an elderly fat gentleman residing in the place, which I set down as more than bargain, seeing that a clergyman attends the troops regularly on a Sunday morning.

Romant.—Very true, sir, but that service is less intended for the officers than the men, and the general doctrines there enforced are obedience to their superiors, attention to their duties, and loyalty to their king. It is not to be supposed that their minds are altogether capable of embracing the sublime ideas and feelings attendant upon the wisdom and love of God ; or that we require to be weekly reminded of the afore-mentioned duties, for they form our creed as loyal gentlemen,

and we consequently always have them by heart and at heart.

Lady S.—Well, if they practise those you have enumerated, we may conclude that they are not without the grace of God in their hearts, which is riches.

Sir Mark.—I neither subscribe to, nor deny your opinion, Romant, of their inability to comprehend the love of God as other men—yet possibly their conception of it may not be so deep, being deficient in learning, sacred and philosophical, which lends such sublime ideas to reflection. If I mistake not, Horace Walpole gives us some lines, On the Love of God, which he tells us were written by nearly an idiot :

“ Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
Was every man a scribe by trade ;

To write the love of God alone,
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky !”

Miss Farquhar, would not credit Walpole when he said, they were by nearly an idiot ; for they must have been the result of silent meditation, and brought forth in a moment of inspiration. Horace Walpole tells, unblushingly, continued she, that Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds first made him an infidel, after which I have a bad opinion of all he says or thinks.

Sir Mark.—Nay, fair saint, he but gives it as he found it, being somewhat in doubt himself ; more particularly may you believe him in this instance from what yourself have but now advanced,—that he was an infidel : an infidel would not, after avowing himself to be such, readily assert that the author of the lines was inspired at the period of their composition ; and had he given as a positive fact the idiotism, it would have been tacitly admitting of inspiration, and he would have defeated himself, as it were, for they could in no other way have proceeded from an idiot.

Miss F.—That man, Sir Mark, doubted

of every thing. Scepticism was his idol. Finding that little was to be gained by sneering at religion, he turned round upon profane history, and commenced his doubts there; and by his credit with the literary world, might thus have unhinged every fact that we have upon record, had he began this mischievous criticism at an earlier period of life, when his talents were better known than his principles.

Sir Mark.—My dear Lucy, the first hour that you will honour my library with your presence, I trust, I can convince you, that you have borne hard upon the character and principles of Horace Walpole.

Miss F.—He told us that he was no Christian, and I fear, that he knew but little of the love of God.

Romant.—It may not altogether require to be a Christian to be alive to that feeling. Socrates was no Christian, but he was greatly sensible of the love God.

Miss F.—How, Captain Romant?—not a Christian!

Lady S.—Take care, Romant, you are treading on very tender ground.

Romant.—If Miss Farquhar will honour me with a hearing, I will endeavour to get over it. I met a few weeks since with the prayer which the Mahometans use at the burial of their dead. I think, the most pious must allow that it is fraught with the genuine feeling of God's mercy, love, and benevolence.—“Oh ! man, from the earth thou wast first created, and to the earth thou dost now return, this grave being the first step of thy progress to the mansions of the other world : if in thy actions thou hast been virtuous, thou art absolved by God ; but if, on the contrary, thou hast not been so, the mercy of God is greater than all things.”

Miss F.—Indeed, most excellent.

Sir Mark.—I saw you, Romant, getting out of the scrape, by the manner in which you laid down the law, before you came to the prophet.

The elderly gentleman before mentioned

observed, that the Jews commonly made use of a most impressive ejaculation in their sermons. “ Let us lift up our hearts to the Eternal !” It conveyed, he thought, a sublimity beyond what we are taught to believe of that people, since their dispersion.

Sir Mark.—I scarcely can conceive anything more expressive ; great minds, when meditating on the love of God, partake of his divinity to a certain degree, and utter that which is worthy of him. All people are equally great when dwelling on this, unmixed with the cares and concerns of life ; hence was it, that the primitive saints preached and practised seclusion from the world, in order that they might ruminate deeply, and teach disinterestedly.

The conversation now gradually changed to subjects less grave, and more general, and the ladies having sat the usual time prescribed originally by the Bacchanalian lords of the creation, and which even the most abstemious yet approve of, withdrew,

and the gentlemen closed in to each other, apparently not regretting in the least the loss they had sustained in their fair companions. The gallant Captain Menage kissed his glass and drank a bumper to them, a constant custom with him, the moment after they were withdrawn. Sir Mark having so recently left the county, the adjutant, a fine old man, a Minden hero, was inquiring about the people he knew at Captain Gaylove was anxious to be informed whether he had left the ladies there, as handsome as ever, and Menage blessed them. A young officer of the line related various circumstances of the Holland expedition, and abating that of fronting the contending armies with their backs to each other, or, as he intended to express, that the enemy and ourselves retreated at one and the same moment, for one and the same cause, that of being beaten; they might all be correct; but I neither saw nor heard of a tythe of them; for, alas!

I was only a private soldier. The old adjutant, who had seen many a campaign, found the young gentleman was going on fast, laughed heartily, and looked infinitely pleasant. It is not possible to conceive a finer smile, than was wont to sit upon his countenance, when the wine and the friends were equally old and good. Captain Marshman adverted with heartfelt satisfaction to the feats of his youth, diverging into the most formidable digressions, interspersed with, ‘ says I to him, and says he to me ;’ also various and intricate points in the fine game of brag through a winter’s evening, and thistle whipping in the morning. Sir Mark sat delighted with the earnestness of the worthy rustic, even though the self-same narratives had met his ear five hundred times before. The adjutant appeared to take snuff with increased pleasure, whilst ever and anon helping out his worthy friend with dates and places of abode, and deaths and marriages of five and forty years ago. Men-

age could not endure, even what he had borne so often, so took an opportunity, whilst Marshman was filling his glass, to propose good afternoon and to go to the ladies. These things were so entirely new to me, that I could not avoid being entertained, and the pleasure I received imprinted every circumstance upon my memory.

When we entered the drawing-room, Lady Stamina had increased her party there by Ensign and Mrs. Epitaphgram. The lady would not allow her spouse to come to dinner, lest he should get tipsy, one of the gentleman's unfortunate propensities. His name was Toby, and of all others he detested it. He said it was an ungentlemanly epithet, and was wont to call one of his godfathers a scoundrel for it. But for him he should have been named Edward, and that would have been honourable, for we had great kings and princes of that name. Notwithstanding the eccentricities of this man, he possessed a steady

undeviating loyalty, which in these convulsive days is no trifling recommendation. He said, he sucked in loyalty with his mother's milk, and would declare upon a very round oath that he never would disgrace hêr. Many a scene of life had he played a part in, and chequered enough his life was. The word gentleman was music to his ear, and unless a man's family or manners were a sufficient testimonial of that honourable title, he would incontinently twist up his nose at him. Priding himself greatly upon the manners of the old school, he measured the pretensions of others to distinction, most commonly by them. He commenced his career in a marching regiment, and would tell us that he was an ensign in the forty-fourth regiment of foot, in the year 1776; and what rank in the army he was to finish with, God only knew: this last he would swallow in any liquor that stood before him, for seldom was he in these communicative moods but when something cherish-

ing, as he expressed it, was upon the table. Happily a wife was at hand to prevent his too frequent resort to these cherishing draughts, and preventives are better than punishments, as he never transgressed but she boxed him, even as did the Flemings of old: for we are informed that their women, both within doors and without, governed all, which considering, says Dr. Heylin, the natural desire of women to bear rule, made them too imperious and burthensome. A considerable number of Flemings, for conscience's sake, settled amongst us about the latter end of the sixteenth century, and their superior skill and knowledge in various manufactures, was of the greatest advantage to us as a nation. Norwich and Canterbury were assigned them to reside in, and of the latter place Mrs. E. was a native, and undoubtedly of the Flemish breed; for surely such a thing was not known, that a true-born Englishwoman presumed to domineer over and cuff the sacred person of her wedded

lord! Our ensign was a strange mixture of a man. He had given his attention for some time to the search after curious epitaphs and rare epigrams, and had laid them carefully up in his memory—treasured, he would say, as a choice *laminæ*, always ready for use. When in a humour to make a shot, and choosing to draw out of his quiver the pointed arrow, he seldom missed his mark; yet it was done in a manner that disarmed resentment. I have remarked a resemblance of this in the land where the Paddies grow, where the hit is smart and keen, but not rankling. But his usual method was to take them up as they were laid down, and a more heterogeneous mixture was scarcely to be conceived; the effect so comical, so truly ridiculous, that the sedate and the gay, the mild and the austere, were betrayed at the same moment into huge fits of vulgar laughter. This evening he was not in that careless humour; displeased probably that he might not come to dinner, but

appeared rather inclined to select from his store. Lady Stamina was speaking of a young gentleman who had just come in for a fine estate, and how deserving of it he was ; applauded his good sense and sincerity in not betraying an indecorous joy at his good fortune, nor an affectation of great sorrow at the death of the testator, who was but distantly related, and had not noticed him in his lifetime. This was an indirect reproof for one present who had hypocritically been guilty of both, and she being an honest plain speaker, waved a little hospitality in the remark. But our friend Toby spoke plainer still, and addressing himself to her, said, ‘ I have reason to think, Lady Stamina, from an epitaph which I met with a few days since, that grieving’s all my eye where a good estate is in the case ;’—and, turning to the culprit, ‘ Yes, sir, this is what poor Benserade thought on the death of his patron ;

“ Here lies, egad 'tis very true,
 The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu ;
 My grief is genuine, void of whim,—
 Alas ! my pension lies with him.”

The mourner was confounded, and the company was convulsed, her ladyship excepted, who feared she had been the cause of offence,—but it was not so ; the hypocrite recovered from his confusion very soon, and was too wise to be offended. To Mrs. Marshman, who was standing near the fire and with her back to it, a roundabout dignified personage of sixty years growth, and somewhat proud withal, he said,

“ With sparkling eyes in sparkling wine,
 I joy when Margaretta's toasted ;
 Yet would I sooner world's resign,
 Than hear of Margaretta roasted.”

Which forthwith moved the lady to the further side of the room, with a glorious sweep, and indistinct expressions of dis-

pleasure, which he quieted by a courtly bow and half a dozen fulsome compliments which he had gathered out of the last novel, that had been recommended as the most beautiful thing in the world.

Sir Mark and Romant were differing upon a point of law that had been started, and it became interesting, the former having been educated for the bar, and the latter had given much attention to legal matters, as having a great inclination for the profession, when this ridiculous fellow roared out,

‘ If this be law, says Serjeant D,
I may burn all my books I see ;
You may indeed, says Serjeant Hirst,
But you had better read them first.’

To the great delight of Sir Mark, and the evident discomposure of Romant, who might be heard for two or three minutes after exclaiming to himself, “ Stupid ! Absurd ! Fool ! ” whilst the point at issue upon the wings of laughter.

After supper Menage was expressing his dislike of the inquisitiveness of the common Irish, which so much annoyed him when over with the regiment in the rebellion. The questions they asked, he said, would not have entered the heads of any people under the sun but themselves ; and was proceeding to declaim with much earnestness upon this offensive behaviour, when Toby, bawling from the bottom of the table, asked Mrs. Epitaphigram if she did not remember the rebuke that they got from a gravestone in Guildford churchyard ? The wife frowned, but answered not. Menage, vexed beyond measure, sighed O Lord ! lifting up his pair of large black eyes ; and Sir Mark mumped enjoyment. It was this, Lady Stamina, proceeded our hero,

“ Reader, pass on, ne’er waste your time,
In bad biography and bitter rhyme ;
For what I am this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was, is no affair of yours.”

Romant was pleased to see Menage in

the same situation with himself, interrupted when just in the marrow of the thing ; Mrs. E. huffed her spouse well, she thought very highly of Captain Menage, and had frequently charged him to pay that commanding officer all respect and deference. Miss Farquhar had sat silent a considerable time, and greatly amused with the passing scene ; but fearing that the governing wife would spoil the sport, she took up, yet very gently, the cudgels for him ; but it would not do ; the domineering shrew soon satisfied her that she was in danger of both falling upon her ; and he taking the hint betrayed evident symptoms of entering into the common alliance, by addressing her with a knavish affectation of simplicity, in vindication of his wife's authority and his own patience under it, as followeth,

“ Women are dainty vessels,
 Yet tender, kind, and soft,
 They must sometimes be borne withal,
 Since they do bear so oft.”

Miss Farquhar, astonished at so pathetic an appeal to her understanding, was covered with blushes, and Lady S. immediately turned the conversation, lest the fellow should run lavish, whilst very fortunately a capacious tumbler of punch kept him employed until the party broke up.

CHAP. IX.

ABOUT this time the debates in Parliament were very warm, and as is commonly the case, particularly in the House of Commons, severe rebukes were passed upon the ministry, and sarcastic reflections were plentifully returned by them to their opponents. These contended that the treaty made with the French by Sir Sidney Smith in Egypt, should have been ratified, which would have precluded the necessity of sending out the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby, to dislodge them from that country, the occupation of which by such an enemy portending so much mischief to our possessions in India. The ministers defended the wisdom of their measures, and, as usual, had a large majority to confirm it. Walking on the

parade with Captain Romant I asked his opinion of the matter in question. Who replied that he thought they were wrong, and believed that they knew, too late, that the treaty should have been ratified. But, continued he, taking the measures they evidently are now to rectify the error is all that can be required; nay, I think it so noble to be open to conviction, that one would almost compound for a mistake, never so egregious, to have the eclat of repairing it immediately. I inquired how the government members could satisfy their consciences in voting ministers right in not ratifying, when it appeared as plain as truth and facts could make it, that they were wrong? Romant said smiling, that I was but a novice in these things, or would know that their votes went virtually but to keep their friends safe in their places, and this was a matter in course, well understood on both sides, for unless the majority were in their favour, they must go out, without an opportunity of

setting the affair straight again. Once ascertained what is necessary to be done, one set of men will do it as well as another, being then little more than routine of office, which the clerks employed there know better than either of the parties contending for power. They in office must be best acquainted with what is hourly passing in foreign courts, and the wisdom of the cabinet is shewn when they act accordingly, however absurd and incongruous it may appear to us, that know not the secret springs which are at work. But in the domestic concerns of this country, there are few secrets of state which are not equivocal, to use the most indulgent term. At home intelligent men are as capable of judging of what is right, as the first statesman in the land, and never fail to remark when any thing is going on wrong; and the more prudent these intelligent men are, if not in Parliament, the less they say about it. When ministers are trespassing on our rights and

privileges, under every specious colour and plausible name, violent opposition even in Parliament does no good, for it but inflames the worst passions of human nature, and entirely defeats the constitutional object. If a man have no influence there, unless his eloquence is commanding, as was the late Lord Chatham's, all he can say will be useless. But if he bear himself with a firm, yet respectful, demeanor and action towards the king and his acknowledged prerogative, united with numbers equally as moderate, both within and without doors, it will generally have the desired effect ; and assisting in the sowing the seeds of civil war will never lie on his conscience. Deeply am I impressed that those seeds have been sowing by the violence of party men ever since the unhappy American contest, and the mischief is still working ; and, if timely measures be not taken to destroy them in embryo, spring up they must sooner or later ; then let them look to it, who have been instru-

mental in their production, and eradicate them if they can. But no, these will be the first to hide their heads behind a malicious accusation of others, not in the least accessory to the evil.

Overgrown ministerial influence on the one hand, and the undisguised turbulence of the lower orders of the people on the other, combined with the yearly increasing difficulties of finance, require all the moderation, steadiness, and wisdom of the middle rank; where these qualities are only found to any extent. The next twenty years, or at most thirty, will decide whether Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen are to go together by the ears or not. The fervour created in our colonies, and kept alive by the French Revolution, is gradually subsiding; the hour of sincerity and conciliation is approaching, and it behoves the higher orders to use it, and the middle, to persuade the lower to accept of the peace-offering, and all must be well—neglect the opportunity,

and a civil contention, as in the seventeenth century, must inevitably follow. Come when it may—my resolution is made to embrace neither side, but remain neutral, unless the mob attempt, as in France, to break in upon society ; then will it cease to be a contest of parties, and every honest man would arm. I am unquestionably a friend to King, Lords, and Commons, as by law established, therefore to join the popular party, and that party become successful, would be aiding and abetting to the utter overthrow of the two other states. To embrace the court party, and it were to triumph, would be equally destructive, as it would undoubtedly establish arbitrary power by the edge of the sword. Had Charles the First prevailed over the people, he would have aimed to govern them by that right alone, and provided he invaded not the privileges of the more potent nobility, they would have seconded his wishes, and strengthened his means of executing them. In that unhappy event, how many

an honest well-meaning companion in the victory over the liberties of his country would have laid his head on his reflecting pillow, but to curse the hour that he first drew the sword that had established a tyranny in the land of his forefathers. Better another five years protectorate, than a century of despotism, for so long might such a state of things exist, even in these Islands, when once firmly established. If a man were to argue in a public assembly that it is best to act with the world on its general scale: give into all its luxuries principles, creeds, morals, and every feeling that fixes the attention of the human mind: were boldly to profess that he would swim with the stream, would take life smooth and rough as it ran, would not every new philosopher cry him down as an unprincipled time-serving minion of the hour? Indeed they would—but these philosophers are only learned in books, and remain to be instructed in the ways of men. When possessed of this invaluable lore, will

they not find that those men most remarkable for prudence, and for being most in possession of themselves, do nothing else? that such are constantly found to be the wisest of mankind, ye new philosophers, take under the guidance of common sense, a long and studious walk through the numberless compartments of mankind, and ye will be the first to declare they are. They take no decided lead in anything not concerning their own immediate callings, and there find plenty of employment.

Let it not be resigned that there is an extreme point of resistance, which arrives scarcely once in a century, the precise moment of which to ascertain, perplexes the wisest. We have seen resistance twice in that period of time, but have passed over the same period since without having occasion to resort to it. In a country enlightened as this is, splendid talents are not so much required to govern it, as that invaluable quality, plain unvarnished ho-

nesty ; nor need any portion of his majesty's subjects unite into a society in support of political creeds, or religious tenacity ; of implicit devotion to the will of this prime minister, or of that arch-demagogue : but to hold themselves in community with Truth and Justice, rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to the poorest and most ignorant man that steps this ball of earth, the forbearance so indispensably their duty as men and christians. Individual political weight is the birthright of an Englishman, and let him assert that from motives of public good alone ; give no vote but to a man of probity, be his party which it may : and when are sent five hundred such men to a parliament, places and pensions would not be required to secure a sufficiency of votes in support of the king's government, because honesty would be recognized after the lapse of ages, as the best policy. No minister would twice ask of such a parliament what was improper ; no injurious

borough influence would be relied on ; and men of large fortunes and noble connections would cease to brand their fellow-subjects of the middle rank with the hateful and unfeeling appellatives of scoundrel and rascal, because differing in religious persuasion or political creed. Their knowledge of the world would impress the demonstrated truth upon their minds, that no two men think precisely alike ; and their knowledge of other things consequent upon title and extensive possessions would call forth submission and respect, amply sufficient for any human being beneath the clouds.

No people collectively enjoy more natural prosperity and happiness than the English, and none individually are more discontented, unhappy, and complaining. This can arise only from the hard misfortune of political animosity, which has more or less predominated amongst them since the accession of James I. The Reformation had by that time broken up many an

old mound, and Elizabeth's tyranny was only to be upheld by such a hand as Elizabeth's ; and some have been of opinion that even that could not much longer have done it peaceably. Prior to this period these feuds were principally confined to the great and powerful, who are the least to be compassionated in all things, of all mortals whatsoever. The simple law of probity and confidence between man and man existed then, as well as now, in the inferior stations. These were from the first impressed upon the human mind by the Great Creator of the universe, and are universally understood amongst all men, and will for ever be held sacred, as the very cement and strength of society itself. It is owing to this that peaceable and quiet people can live in security where political rights are totally unknown. From this I am induced to believe that the English were individually more happy before the reign of James the First, but that, collectively, they have been tenfold more happy,

great and prosperous ever since. The nature of man is imperfection and change, and what was right in the abstract some centuries ago, may now be any thing else, perhaps diametrically opposite; but this affects not the vital principle of good and evil, right and wrong, originating in the simple law of nature. If our times were precisely the same with those of our grandfathers, existence would become a monotony, as it almost is in China, and also as among the several casts in India, whose modes and manners, in common with the laws of the Medes and Persians, became unalterable: yet how prone are some unhappy people to appeal to the days of their fathers, and can be quite pathetic when dwelling in fancy on the good old times; whilst how plain it is to their auditors, that they would have been equally grieving and discontented had they lived in those times. Prejudices exist to a lamentable degree in the minds of almost all men; but much as they do, they are

notwithstanding, to be found more in their words, than in their deeds. As whatsoever old times might have been, there are few new luxuries, extravagances, or political arrangements, however contrary to what they sucked in with their mother's milk, that the aged do not come into with avidity, and embrace with a cheerfulness, that at first sight puts on a shew of vicious inconsistency ; whereas the attentive observer pronounces it to be the effect only of nature and common sense. I have been thus diffuse, Mr. Raven, added my friend, that you should not mistake me for a man that would be the base tool of an individual ruler, the pander of a party, or the reviler of the illustrious great : but would take life smooth and rough as it runs, keeping in the general stream of things, which unquestionably flows on by God's commandment. Some officers now coming, a fishing-party was proposed, and we retired accordingly to the Orwell, where we toiled all day and caught no fish.

CHAP. X.

As Romant had foreshewn, ministers had profited by the opportunity offered, and had already gone far towards retrieving their error, for dispatches now arrived giving a full account of the landing of our gallant army on the coast of Egypt, and detailing successes beyond even the most sanguine expectation of those who well knew of what fine stuff it was composed. The battle of the twenty-first of March gave birth to honest exultation, such as had not warmed the breasts of Englishmen since what is called the seven years war. A gasconading minion of Fortune had trumpeted forth to the world that we were not able to contend with him single-handed. Our troops knew they were, but having been placed in unhappy situations, had

nothing to show for it. The general joy was damped only by the fall of Abercromby. He died greatly. His honours were more than ripe, they were become mellow in a life of faithful service, to that period of age, when men resting from their labours, are said to retire with dignity. High spirited young officers of different corps in garrison, whilst flocked together to talk of the contents of the dispatches, were heard to exclaim that his end was more dignified ten times told—his eyes were closed by the hand of glory, and his last breath was wafted to his country on the shouts of victory. Also about the same time were we gladdened with the news of the confederacy against us in the North being broken by the atchievement at Copenhagen. All England lamented the necessity of attacking the brave Danes, yet that trifling when our naval dominion was at stake, would be unpardonable, met with the like unanimity. An old admiral was sent to command a large fleet, from

which it was understood that a squadron under Nelson was to be detached, to perform the service required. By this manœuvre the feelings of officers of longer standing were in some degree compromised. That was, I remember, the construction put upon it at the time. It was good to see Ensign Epitaphagram standing with the Gazette in his hand, in the position of an orator, and loudly descanting on the deeds that were done. Enthusiastic when the glory of his country was the theme, and the gallantry of her army and navy was an inexhaustible subject for him. Not only on passing and recent events, but he would expatiate like a true patriot on their several exploits in time past ; interlarding his discourse with the squibs and epigrams of the day, upon the distinguished characters that figured in them ; which a most retentive memory enabled him to do with the greatest accuracy. When a new victory was atchieved he was amongst the loudest to sing, O be joyful in

the morning, and drank with the deepest in the evening, to the health of the brave fellows surviving, and peace to the souls of the heroes. If he had gathered any new epigrams relating to his lions, his mighty men of war, as he called them, he was bursting until opportunity served to strew them throughout the garrison, and he had just picked up one. Many of us were collected round, to hear his entertaining comments on the various events which were detailed ; and when he came to that part where it was mentioned that Sir Hyde Parker was in the offing during the whole of the engagement, he exclaimed, in a tone of raillery that I have not words to express ;—

“ Two thirds of Caesar’s boasted fame,
 Thou, Nelson, must resign ;
 I came, I saw, was Parker’s claim,—
 To conquer only thine.”

And strutted out of the mess-room with high complacency, to give it to the dra-

goons in the opposite barracks, and from them to the regiments in the other square, for Toby was a privileged man every where. It was a matter of surprise with us where he got all he knew. He was a good historian, but no student; well acquainted with the poets, but was never seen reading any of them; and we could only attribute it to a long intercourse with good company, and being blessed with an excellent memory. Indeed much is to be gathered in military society; it is various, communicative, and abounds in character, yielding a plentiful harvest to the attentive and industrious. Too much is it the fashion for the good people of England to brand the officers of the army indiscriminately with ignorance. Possibly there is no way so well to answer this aspersion as desiring the most enlightened of John Bull's sons and daughters to mix more amongst them, and after taking time to consider of the matter, declare honestly what they think of it. It must be admitted

that all of them have not the advantage of a classical education, but many have, and few indeed are so deficient as their vilifiers are pleased to allege. A lady was one day rallying the apparent idleness of officers;—that they made little or no use of military leisure by learned studies, or scientific researches. After the parade, walking about the streets was their sole amusement, and reading the newspapers the utmost extent of their literary inquiries; and however their enemies might succeed in killing them in action, they would be hard set to knock their brains out, with the fewest of exceptions. Now this lady was a plain speaker, and thought she said good things, and many of them; caring very little about time or place, delicacy and good manners not being in great estimation with her. Romant was always the champion of merit wherever it might be, and more particularly that of every kind in the least belonging to military men. He immediately took up the

gauntlet and defended his brethren. He observed that their appearing so frequently in the streets was to be accounted for, from the circumstance of not having the means to keep horses, and they must take exercise somewhere. In a large garrison town red-coats were seen passing and repassing in the streets at all hours of the day, whilst probably the same person or persons were not of the number twice during the time. Exceptions there might be, but in general they were not. No, Madam, said he, with much animation, they are in their rooms diverting and employing themselves in various ways. This one is a mechanic, that is a painter, the other a caricaturist ; here one is fanning the flame of a soldier's breast, by reading the best romances of his day, and of the old time before him ; there another is enlarging his mind by the study of the history of all wars, their cause and progress, effect and end. Some have I seen deeply intent upon the minutiae of battles, formations,

sieges, and encampments, whilst other some are amusing themselves with the literary effusions of the day, with all the careless ease of gentlemen. And it must be confessed that not a few subsist their minds upon novels of all descriptions, good, bad, and indifferent. This last taste arises in a great measure from their being debarred, owing to their formidable numbers, the hospitalities of the inhabitants;—whose society, more particularly that of the ladies, would obviate the trash of these publications, and point out such of them only as possessed the attractions of wit, and the sweetness of love. Whether the lady was convinced by the polite logic of my friend, I will not take upon me to say, but she bowed assent, and opposed no more. Captain Romant was not a regular bred scholar, but few that were happily so when conversing with him on learned subjects, but found that he was no dunce. How frequently have I heard him lament that he was not properly taught by others in-

stead of having to sacrifice so much time, as he had done, in teaching himself. What can, he would say, what can be more valuable to a man than a learned education early in life? He has not ever after more to do with study than as a recreation. He is left at liberty to give all other affairs their needful attention, and is enabled to bear a part in all elegant and intelligent societies, whatsoever may be uppermost. It is this that makes a gentleman bear himself so easily in all companies and so quietly display his advantages over the studious, persevering, late-made scholar. Once in particular he expressed himself with more than usual warmth on this and other things relating to his early days. Thwarted in every wish, said he, in the outset of my life, as the only means of living in harmony with my friends, I permitted them with a heavy heart to do what they pleased with me; and they had better made me a sweep than what they aimed at. I had it not in me, and therefore

nothing came of it; yet after the war I have no other means of getting my bread, than those so unseasonably forced upon me: and it will go hard if I do not make it appear that it was not from a want of capacity that I did not persist in my original undertaking, but a sudden turn of mind altogether at variance with it. Her very young, and having nothing to fix my attention so strong as it might have been wished, I fell in love with a beautiful girl, who afterwards lost herself in a maze of unjardonable vanities. She became infatuated with one man, nearly ruined another, coquetted with twenty more, and at length in a pet married the only lover she had left. Whether her husband deceived her as to his age, whether she had some indescribable reason to suspect he had, or that she required more of him than usually falls to the lot of men to indulge their wives with, I know not; but have heard that she never was quite satisfied that all the blessings of Hymen fell to her

share. She is now a widow, and I hope will fare better, when next she adventures into his temple. The time was when she shone a brilliant star, illuminating the rustic world, and displaying to the discerning, a mind capable of the highest cultivation, fertilized by nature to yield her fairest flowers. Stinted in her education, not from the inability or narrowness of her father, but who not knowing how to give her a better, believed it was a good one. Confined to the society of respectable people only, her numerous lovers partaking more of the nature of gem'men, than of the polish of gentlemen, some few, but very few, excepted; whilst but too many of their female friends were her companions: an intercourse, take it all in all, not extremely calculated to give a delicate turn to a young woman's mind and manners. My affection for her was without bounds; I considered her to be all-perfect; all-attracting, and one of the earthly angels that romance and poetry teem with. There-

fore when I saw a tendency towards duplicity and breach of faith, astonishment and sorrow gat hold upon me : what in the sex in general we scarcely notice, is in one beloved object a vile deformity ! I set love in one eye and honour in the other, and acted accordingly ; yet experienced in return little other than instability, scorn and insult. It is natural for the spirit of a lover, however enslaved and captivated, to recoil at the assumed superiority of unmerited reproach, and to require the only satisfaction a woman can give ;—a fair and candid reason for such conduct. Repeatedly and earnestly was this requested, sometimes it must not be concealed, demanded. Yet was it invariably contemned. Judge what were the feelings of a man who doated on his contemner. Innumerable unkindnesses, of which the foregoing are scarcely a sample, have long since unlinked my affection, ah! once so delighted in her chains. I would not even to the last have been backward in making

a peace-offering, had not the commonest of common sense, gathered from sad experience, positively forbade it ; that common sense, which spoke in the plainest language, how fruitless it would be to trust again to one on whose stability no dependance could be placed, and whose daily conduct for years had stretched the most sacred ties of the most sacred fellowship, and at length snapped them. When I observed that much of the coquetry and instability of the women was to be attributed to the thoughtless and ridiculous flatteries of the men, he was sensibly affected, and said, that he knew but too well that it was true. The natural angelic opinion which a handsome young girl has of herself, Raven, is kept alive by the rivalry of young men, who, to insinuate themselves into her good graces, surround her at every assemblage of gaiety and pleasure ; they stick at nothing short of angel ! goddess ! paragon ! and practise a thousand acts of gallantry, blameable, being not always so harmless

and sportive as they appear ; but covering a sinister intent, not to mention the turning her head to be an almost certain consequence. When these encomiums are confirmed by some old sagacious hound, that can flatter beneath the guise of friendship, and govern under the opinion of great sense and superior acquirements, she is done for ; he gives her no time to foil, and puss is quickly snapped up. Having the advantage of experience, perhaps dearly purchased, he now wins a heart, without staking one. His every word and gesture only adapted to the purlicus of hers ; ever keeping it on the alert, how soon it palpitates in unison with his most anxious expectations. He shall not say one ill word of the doating boy that has just left the room, yet his indescribable manner shall express volumes to her opinion, and love in common with power lives only in opinion. Even thus far, their union may be delayed, nay, defeated by non-consenting friends, whilst the scorned stripling, grow-

ing every day more into manliness, naturally becomes the fittest companion for her, yet young and blooming; and it may come to pass that he, so long tantalized and befooled, unhinged in mind and fast estranging from her, is then seen with gentleness and judged with candour. Amongst the many that she has unpardonably allowed to dance around her under false hopes, there will always be one to whom she secretly recurs with regret, and the entanglements she is thus drawn into never fail to embitter the remainder of her days, unless self-esteem, the great sweetener of our own misdeeds, comes in to her assistance. Endued with sense and feeling, what must be the remorse of her conscience for wantonly inflicting pain on him that dearly, dearly loved her; who, perhaps unable, or not condescending to flatter her vanity, at the expense of his own understanding, had with inconceivable sorrow seen others do it? What must be the anguish of her heart when she comes to know that

he left her in despair, his sincere affection meeting with nothing but scorn, foul scorn, and his perseverance the constant frown of irascibility? I objected that this was an extreme case, and if realized would operate so strongly as to be a warning to all young women, and forbid even the appearance of the like again. O no, no, he replied, such women never take warning, they only repent. Men pass over the faithless conduct of women, when the cruel effects are not experienced by themselves, and mark it not as a crime; if they did, there would be no more of it: this is the only kind of warning that coquets could be made sensible of, for neglect would follow, and that they could not endure. But on the contrary, their tricks are commonly laughed at, or condemned but for the moment, and thought no more of. Even worthy and reflecting people are given to believe that something more is than what meets the light, and are tempted to pardon them as venial. But in the

hearts of those that dearly love, and who are apparently drawing near to all that is delightful on earth, treachery and bad faith give birth to anguish and indignation, such as words have scarcely expression for

CHAP. XI.

THE situations that I had filled in early life were not calculated for the acquirement of much knowledge. After attaining the years of manhood, I became a wanderer from place to place, and when at all stationary it was in that sort the least of all others to be envied. I therefore have passed amongst those only who knew my history as an ignorant, illiterate, unfortunate person ; and the first attentions of Romant, which were so truly kind, I am inclined to think in a great measure proceeded from the circumstance of my birth ; for I never ventured to let him into the secret, that I knew the ground I walked on, lest he should be induced to ask some questions that might wound my feelings. Once in love with a capricious gypsy, I

gained an insight into that passion of human bliss and human woe ; which has ultimately led me to give that inexhaustible subject more of my attention than to many others. Happy in a patient memory, I have retained much of what has come under my personal observation ; also have eagerly listened to every conversation that led to it, and read every book that fell in my way, good, bad, and indifferent, and in every book there is some love. When in the company of ladies it has been the theme of many a history, and whatsoever relates to it, that is interesting, they seldom forget ; whilst it is expressed in language to which we are strangers, but from their lips. From my friend Romant I derived much ; his details on the subject, when in the humour, were fraught with genuine information, resulting in no trifling degree from sad experience, and the passing events of his time, of which he had been a most careful observer. Yet after all he would say, love is not more or less than warfare

and deceit. My friend in this remark might be severe, but my readers that have reached the sensible age of thirty will, I trust, hold him excused. Spenser sung the cruelty of his Rosalind ; his gentle muse declared how much he loved her, and hoped to move her pity. And Petrarch his Laura ; his sonnets have been the admiration of the amatory world for ages. So long in the habit of sighing for the unkind fair, history tells, that he said, such was the delight he took in celebrating her charms, that had she at last relented, he should have been miserable, as marriage would have deprived him of the felicity of complaining, and the pleasing sensations of the languor of love. Pope himself, scarcely ever enamoured, displayed the heroic sorrows of the heart in his passionate celebration of the loves of Abelard and Heloise. Tremblingly alive to the finer feelings of the soul, he portrayed the emotions of tenderness and despair in such lively colours, that the reader is ready to exclaim,

‘It is themselves ; they speak !’ Such was the sweetness of his numbers, and such was the magic of his muse. Shenstone, the pensive, generous, irascible Shenstone, whose every stanza is emblem’d to the mind as Cupid’s resting-place, yet whose tuneful notes were only in unison with the mournful songsters of his grove. Hantmond’s was a plaintive muse, which not the allurements of high life, nor the gaieties of fashion, could suppress. She drew him frequently into the shade, and inspired his elegies of hopeless love. Yet none of these elegant poets are read by our females more than once, as if it were sufficient only to bear a part in conversation when they are mentioned, by the remark of, how beautiful ! how interesting ! And why ? They have lost their novelty, and with ladies, generally speaking, even love loses nothing by novelty. Of what innumerable songs is this passion the life and soul of ! Set to enchanting notes, those notes touched by a hand of alabaster, and warbled from the

mouth of beauty, give birth to sensations that few of us are strangers to. Here rapture is called forth, and there pity is excited; now the strains give new life to hope, awaken the pleasures of memory, or unhappily recal some keensorrow or regret, which were but lulled in the hour of social cheerfulness. The rarely gifted melodist of the Emerald Isle, stands here unrivalled; his tender muse softens the heart, whilst it fills the imagination with good things, and sends not the head empty away.

Whilst genius is thus continually adding to the luxuries of the mind, do we not daily encounter spirits of the dark that would diminish them? Providence has given exquisite beauty to our females, and has dispensed us ideas and feelings in a numberless variety, to contemplate it; and what do they deserve who would damp so fair a portion of human happiness? Some think it wit, others are guilty of it from sourness of heart and malignancy of temper, whilst not a few are, from inadvertency,

with only good intentions to plead. With the last may we not class the paternal Doctor Gregory, when bequeathing the legacy to his daughters. I give him credit for meaning well; but he erred, I think, materially. Continually using the word delicacy, whilst almost every paragraph is fraught with indelicate truths, and drawbacks on the pleasures of fancy; and this is one of the least offensive, “the finest bosom in nature, is not so fine as imagination forms.” Had the worthy Doctor not intended his work to have met the public eye, it were passable enough; but as no posthumous impediment was placed in the way, it accordingly came out as a legacy to us all. Pretty women have nothing to thank him for, nor are honest men at all felicitated by drawing the least corner of the veil aside. I refer only to personal beauty, for against the imperfections of the mind, the world cannot be too often, and too carefully guarded. What raises the admiration of a man of sense, equally

with the first interview with a fine woman ! Acquaintance binds him in the soft ties of friendship and esteem, whilst believing her heart to be correspondent with his own, his soul is melted into tenderness ; and on this moment hinges a great portion of the happiness or misery to which he is destined on this side of the grave. Every thing now rests with her, and let her look to it : she knows her right hand from her left, the south from the north, God from the Devil. The ancients held beauty to be the greatest privilege of nature ; they esteemed it a letter of introduction throughout the world. Would any but the most weak and insensate, blot so fair a manuscript ? How many we know, what numbers we have heard of, that have preserved it as unsullied as when first written, and have presented it with a felicity of loveliness that commanded all hearts. Yet of how very few of these have we read ;—for our records are principally of public life, of courts and politics : whilst it is to be lamented that many as beautiful

and faulty as of those we read, are to be met with in the private walks of life. See even there the once scornful beauty now out of vogue, superseded by one younger, equally as insolent, and who would rather expire than take warning from the vinegar aspect of the envious superannuated flirt. These are the beings of all others that deserve to die old maids; and the old maids of all others the most malignant and impatient. Some women are totally blind to exempling folly, and have only repentance in store for another day; others, more intoxicated still, sin with their eyes open, perversely regardless of advice, be it conveyed never so wisely; or why should Lord Lyttelton's to Belinda have been thrown away upon such, from the hour it was given, to that in which we are lamenting its inefficacy. A fashionable belle of that day being asked her opinion of the production, replied, 'a fig for him, an old put, he knows nothing about us;' and she spoke the sentiment of whole bevy of her cotem-

poraries: so offensive is truth to the ears of these queens of vanity. We would have rejoiced in the spirit of our fair countrywomen, had they presented to his lordship a pen of pure gold, bearing the resemblance of Cupid's arrow, as a lively tribute to his muse, and a token not only of his verses partaking of that precious metal, but being also the harbingers of love. When the keen Maximist had said, that "there are few women whose merit outlives their beauty," accompanied with several other flings at female levity, no less remarkable for their truth than for their force, our fair countrywomen were pleasant upon the matter, and said that such sentences were only calculated for the meridian of Paris, where all the women were coquets, and all the men their most obedient humble slaves. Self-esteem would not permit them to see how cheerfully they were imitating these Parisian coquets in manners, dress, and opinions, and that the lovers most in their good graces were the

best copies from the originals; — from those most obedient humble slaves: and do we not see and poignantly feel that these fooleries have descended, with a few variations, to the present votaries of fashion, are adopted by their dependents, imbibed by the rustic admirers of these, and in fine, are caught at by the Lubins and Blowsalindas of our villages?

The never to be broken bond of attachment of man to woman, impels him to amiable and honourable deeds to ensure her smiles; whilst the insatiable passion for being beloved, prompts her to the acquirement of every grace and accomplishment that may appear charming in his eyes, and allure his affections towards her. Finesse is called in to her aid; motions, features, air, and dress, are all summoned in array to attract and win him. And hard, were it indeed after all these exertions if lovers and admirers were not forthcoming; and here all manœuvering must end, one must be selected from the

throng, and it will be found that "the way to keep him," will be any other than that of flirting with the remainder.

Hopes of bliss on earth through love, however delusive, set the magical powers of fancy at work ; and if castles be built in the air, let no grave moralist pull them down again, for God knows, time will do that soon enough. An elegant Marchioness of old France has frankly told her sex, that placing too much confidence in men is unjust, and contributes in a great measure to unhappy consequences. We pick quarrels, she observes, with the men, not on account of what they owe us, but on what we have hoped from them : we depend absolutely upon our hopes, which occasions us abundance of disappointments. Her fair readers have either discredited the assertion, or have refrained to profit by the wisdom of the remark ; for the evil yet exists, and probably will be for everlasting. Verily, a delicate woman in love, has more than her usual share of

heart, whilst fancy, warm fancy, paints scenes of a life to be spent with the object of her affections, far too sweet, far too serene for this world of bitterness: and often is she seen drowned in tears for the loss of a gem, which is hidden, but in hope, from us all on this side of the grave. Yet some lovers blend rationality so wisely with the delights of courtship, as almost to ensure happiness for the remainder of their days. The mind is expanded, and the bosom is on fire, yet they leave not their sublunary existence. A more appropriate instance I know not than the elegant poetical effusion of the Marquis of B. to his beloved Fanny: such spirit and truth were irresistible, and she could not other than have loved in return, had she not admired and esteemed him before. But all are not Miss C's, nor the Marquis of B's. Other enamoured swains, in the delirium of their passion, run into extravagancies that tend but to defeat the fondest wishes; rant of qualities which

their fair ones are strangers to in all eyes but their own; take heaven to witness that the beauties of their minds have charmed them more than the symmetry of their persons, whereas nothing is more evident to their auditors, that all these divine perfections are but bred in a brain disordered by the passion itself; for nothing is more common than that these blazing fires are burned out before the moon changes, and that disgust rises from the embers. Indeed when people have a greater share of sensibility than of judgment, a thousand things discompose this fancied heaven on earth, the parties being at the same time in a manner blameless, something becomes unhinged, one mishap treads upon the heels of another, folly lends her assistance, and coldness ensues. The slow and certain cause of waning affection is not to be arrested early; it may end in indifference; but in good truth, too often does not rest until it arrives at dislike, and that one would think is pro-

ceeding far enough : but has it not sometimes gone further? the ladies affirm that on the part of the men, it never stops short of loathing.

It is a judgment confirmed by the events of time, that a woman once depraved becomes the foulest fiend in nature. Her treasons and bloody deeds of vengeance have shaken the resolutions of even ferocious man, whilst a partner in her crimes. He has shuddered when hearing her relate of what she had done, and at the next work of horror she has proposed to execute. Empires have been lost, and dynasties destroyed, rather than she not be revenged of a favoured rival, or a loved inconstant. On the contrary, when tender and amiable, a woman is by far the better being of the two : her affections are more exquisitely sweet, her mind infinitely more pure, her heart more open, soft, and generous. When truly good, much happiness is in her power, and she seldom fails to command it. Even the hard hand of

poverty but lightly oppresses her, and the misfortunes and crosses of life are borne with a patience and resignation that the best of men have scarcely a conception of. Between these extremes of truly good, and vilely bad, is an immense multitude, which may be denominated the sex, depicting every varied light and shade of good and evil.

The Elizabeths, the Christinas, and the Catharines, have been instanced as epitomes of female excellence. That such women have made, and do ever make great sovereigns is undeniable. But were their qualities as women to become the standard of perfection, full soon would the world become a bear garden. In domestic life these princesses were anything than amiable, as are all their imitators. They had no place in the best affections of men; politically admired and esteemed, certainly, but they never were beloved. Whilst women as masculine in appearance, with as little claim to beauty,

and with minds equally strong, have taken immoveable possession of the hearts of men of the finest understanding, and of the first-rate acquirements. But these last-mentioned did not throw off the softness of their sex, did not despise the fascinations of gentleness, and could play with their wit without wounding; angelic charms that were never combined in one beauty since the creation, nor did they enrich the illustrious personages alluded to.

Countless are the effusions of wit and humour called forth by the levities of women, and no easy task would it be to enumerate a moiety of these sarcasms, so richly merited in their general sense. In a modern glossary is to be found, under the word angel, "the name of a woman, and commonly a very bad one." This is a truth to which ages have borne testimony, local historians have been eye-witnesses of it, and general ones have recorded it uncontradicted from generation to generation. These angels are to be found in all

stations and degrees, from the princess to the peasantess. It is these that have caused certain celebrated writers to lash the daughters of Eve without mercy, and these again have induced but too many of their readers to dream, that they despised them. Therefore one would judge it to be the policy of the good women to banish these angels from their society, as the prime authors of the aspersions collectively cast upon them. But no,—they unite in their defence, and wage a furious war against the malignants. Castigate one or any number of male delinquents, and what man feels or heeds it, when not implicated in the crime, or the punishment? but only raise the lash over the head of the softer man,—and lo, the whole body corporate, even as the bees fly at the assailant, hazarding the loss of those stings in the affray, which would have defended their sweetness in a more judicious conflict. The Jews carried their contempt of women to an unpardonable pitch,—they

would not allow them to have been formed after the image of their Creator, and denied the immortality of their souls. And we likewise are informed, that to the present hour does the ungallant Israelite bless his God that he has not made him a woman. The Turks, who have preserved unaltered many of the customs and manners of the Jews, hold the same opinion with respect to women, and laugh the Christians to scorn for submitting to petticoat government. But these are the notions of aliens and infidels, and are not to be imbibed by the enlightened sheep of the good shepherd.

In the society of Europe for many centuries has gallantry formed a prominent feature, with the exception only of a few northerly nations, and they are every age refining. When woman, therefore, exclaims loudly against the tyranny of man, she is guilty of no less a crime than ingratitude ; since in no part of the world is she so distinguished, so honoured, and so indulged

as in Europe. And why ? because in no part of the world is she so beloved, and, generally speaking, man meets with but a sorry return for his generosity. The customs of the feudal times rendered the matter of making love a most serious undertaking. Chivalrous exploits were indispensable, being then held in as high estimation, as the courtly Stanhopean graces are now, nor was gentle expression much less necessary. Whoso performed his part in the most graceful manner, or in knightly language, united the pink of courtesy with the flower of chivalry, stood the best chance of gaining the affections of the fair paragon. If either of the respective heads of families were averse, she was shut up, and the enamoured knight left no effort untried to release and carry her off. If the families were those of powerful barons, or politically connected with the crown, the monarch's permission was requisite; who becoming, from jealousy of the alliance, or for any other

reason, non-consenting, it but too frequently bred disaffection towards him, and ended in bloodshed. Nay, her free agency was sometimes denied, and she became an object of bargain and sale, to patch up a peace betwixt two contending barons, yet it is to be hoped, that this was not often the case. Even with these drawbacks, she complained not of the tyranny of man, but was happy,—for she was adored, and adoration woman delights in. But mark the change of times, she is now beloved. In these kingdoms particularly, she is in every station, above that of labouring daily for subsistence, courteously addressed and anxiously attended to, whilst her security and comforts are increased five-fold. Yet is the ear continually offended, by the ungrateful cry against the tyranny of man. ‘Man is the framer of all laws relating to woman.’ Well, and truly he is, or badly indeed would they be framed. There was more truth than politeness in the remark, that a woman amongst savages

was a beast of burden ; in the east a piece of furniture ; and in Europe a spoiled child. The last of these sarcasms was probably pointed at France and England, and it is no treason to say that of the former country she has frequently made a scandalous use of the influence she obtained, originating in feudal chivalry, and nurtured in modern refinement. It grieves us to know what a close imitator she was here of her sister in France, and we must be allowed to have, at least, our silent thinkings upon the baneful effects of it.

Men more conversant in their professions and callings in the world, than with human nature, think they have said wisely, when pronouncing that the vanity and flirtation of very many women, proceeds entirely from the fulsome flatteries of their admirers. I once held the same opinion, but have had cogent and strong reasons to think otherwise. The devil is strong in them, and he will shew himself in some

confounded form or other. That these flatteries do no good, but are the cause of much mischief, I will admit, for they go a great way towards making them insolent ; but not vain, for that is already done to their hands. These admirers have not long been dandling around them, before they become old foxes, and discover what is sought for, and dispense it abundantly ; for the love of compliment and adulation is unbounded. Thus is vanity the natural appetite, and flattery the food applied ; which together produce pride and insolence, and these last, all the misdoings we have to charge them with. They smile, when so bedevilled, on every thing in the shape of man that is willing to administer the food required, and those that are seemingly backward, they beckon and entice to the sacrifice ; at the same time are aware how wrong the acceptance of it is : but passion-mutinies against understanding, and thus day after day do they sin against conviction, until the mournful

sigh arises, of ‘Heigh ho! for a husband.’ These women are not without their apologists, and in sober truth they have great need of them; and ingenious ones too. None of these apologists have yet convinced me, that to the secret ~~un~~daylight tricks and caprices of beautiful young women, are not to be traced seven out of ten of the sorrows of love so commonly lamented. Thanks to an invisible justice, they invariably in the end, render a painful tribute in return for what they have exacted. Some marry meanly, others disgracefully, and not a few bite the sheets in vexation to the last of their days. Whilst their duped and abused lovers have wept and chafed it over, and some more wisely retired in dignified silence, and patiently heard the gossips in the neighbourhood railing with delight at the perfidy of man. There are fewer coquets in Ireland than in any other part of his Majesty’s dominions, and the disappointments in love are proportionably scarce.

Properly estimating the value of a husband, the young ladies there are anxiously intent upon securing one, as early as possible. Rich as others in personal beauty, and in useful and elegant accomplishments; and having little other wealth, they make the most of these attractions; not affording, even were they so inclined, to play the fool with their lovers; and it is seen from this, that where woman is as virtuous as handsome, man is disinterested. For although he “loves woman with gold in store,” yet he “loves woman with virtue more.”

Yet let it not be forgotten, let it not fail to be reprobated in the strongest terms, the ungenerous treatment that young women have experienced at the hands of certain self-interested, unprincipled men. A few thousands less of fortune, or hundreds, according to station, that some will had named them to have, or some crafty expressions had taught their venal lovers to expect; to the lasting shame of these

be it spoken, the poor girls are left to wear the willow ; and what aggravates the case, there are in the circle of their acquaintance to applaud the deed,—not few. The fair weepers have this consolation, that had their selfish inconstants sincerely loved them, they would have been more generous, and may gratulate themselves on a fortunate escape, and wise from experience, be cautious whom they trust a second time. I have ever observed among these dishonourable swains, how few were endued with that manly understanding and openness of manner, which are every where held in such estimation, and perceptible on the earliest acquaintance. These will not be treacherous even in love, where they may, almost with impunity, at all events lose none of the bubble, reputation. This is evinced by only looking round among those with whom we have lived, and have known, and of the glaring instances of bad faith in this respect that will recur, scarcely will be found a de-

faulter, who, so far from suffering under the world's contempt, has forfeited a single acquaintance, out of the family of the insulted fair one, and even some of that number are retained.

There is another species of male sinners against the happiness of women ;—these are the bachelors. They may obtain a sort of negative acquittal on earth, but were not the mercies of heaven greater than all things, I think they would there be in a strange taking. There is always a period in a man's life, sooner or later, that he may marry, and wisely ; and a worthy mate is ever to be found when earnestly sought for. The deliberate resolve of a man of forty-five to remain single does no credit to his heart, nor speaks much for his understanding. He is commonly by that time in circumstances amply sufficient to meet the increased expenses of that state, which with the prudence almost inseparable from that thinking age, will not be so great in addition,

his selfishness has induced him to calculate upon. As the drone in the hive, he gathers no honey, and that he shares not its fate is to be attributed to his deservings in other respects. By attending to the ratio of births and burials, he will find that males and females coming in and going out of the world, are nearly in equal numbers; the surplus is on the part of the former, which provides for the destruction occasioned by war and navigation. Hence the domestic population is equalized, and leaves it not difficult to deduce, that his non-compliance with the great law of all communities, from the earliest to the latest day, devotes some poor woman to celibacy, or worse. This has been no weak argument against monachism. Simply, the bachelor, even with this crime upon his head, is comparatively an innocent man, when placed side by side with such an one as the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's. Dr. Swift's conduct towards two virtuous and amiable women, will call forth feelings

of indignation for his memory, so long as it endures. † A clergyman, endued with talents such as few are gifted with, and these strengthened and sustained by considerable learning; thus far he became an ornament to his country. Great men sought his friendship, and beautiful women his attentions and conversation; two of the last unbappily went further, and sought his love. The story is well known, and needs not to be related here. But let it never be forgotten that this cynic, who in the sourness of his heart could declare, that he held all mankind in contempt, with the exception of this individual, and that, and that,—whilst himself at the time, his conscience must have said it, was not only a disgrace to his cloth, but a monster to manhood. His barbarous treatment of Vanessa and Stella, excited the condemnation of the age in which he lived, whilst the principal cause was unknown, or seen only through the medium of conjecture. It remained with an acute Hygeian to shew,

almost a century after, the depravity of this affected scorner of his kind, in the image of the wretch whom the Almighty slew in his wrath for an abomination.

Unpropitious stars have borne the blame of many a grief that they have had no hand in ; as though there were no such things as treacherous passions, or ungovernable tempers. Ladies that have arrived to honest thirty, seldom hesitate to declare that a young girl's first love scarcely ever, they will emphatically add, nay, never arrives at fruition ; and for reasons obvious, but which, from their sudden silence it is inferred, are too painful to mention. Every man of forty annexes to this, for he knows it, and constantly during the last twenty of his life has seen it, that they fall in love with those which they ought not to do. If well disposed, and have only been thoughtless, they get over it, and marry comfortably afterwards. If otherwise, are they not continually hankering after their first loves, as they delight

to call them? Indeed what first pleased the fancies of these, or men or monkies, need but the opposition of friends to confirm their choice to the end of all opposition, but no longer. Mules and Dutchmen are said to be the most obstinate animals on earth; pigs are supposed to hold no comparison with them. But Dutchmen, pigs, and mules, must resign the palm to these heroines, whilst opposed. Not the most eloquent words that ever lips let fall, could persuade them that the darlings of their hearts were not gods amongst men, nor could anything on earth secure the owners of those lips from their deadly hatred for attempting it.

Some are so truly good at heart, that the mistakes of it have proceeded only from extreme youth and inexperience, and the best affections of it are entangled almost before the nature of them are understood. “Cast me against the man I love,” passionately exclaims the innocent girl, “Cast me against the man I

love, and I would cleave to him for support; I would think hills and dales more pleasant with him, than a smooth-beaten way with any other." Can we sufficiently admire such generosity, such an amiable foregoing of the elegances of life, so peculiarly adapted to the softness of her frame, and the delicacy of her constitution. But this must not be. The days of simplicity and pastoral love are over. Fatherly prudence must present a barrier between its delusions and those depressors of all hearts, want and woe. So numerous are correspondent cases, that it would be a heavy task to cite them. Weeping beauty has affixed unmerited odium on grey hairs; tradition hands it down, and the experience of facts confirms it; painters portray it with avidity, and poets leave no stone unturned to have a fling at it.

It rarely happens, praised be God! but that it does happen is undeniable, that the female heart is deeply wounded by a shameless breach of one of the first princi-

ples in the association of human beings. Man has been here most audacious. He has been known to desert, but one short month before the day appointed to unite him with her, whom he has ardently besought perhaps for years. The voice of the world has been loud in her praise, distinguishing her for exemplary conduct, beauty and understanding. The worthiest of men and women that have known the fair sufferer from infancy, have borne testimony to her virtues,—and that is sterling. Such wanton breach of faith, in defiance of the plain and simple rule of rectitude, which has remained in force throughout all mankind, from the days of Adam to the present hour, has never met with condign punishment: for the ingrate has not been driven from society. The buzz of reprobation is loud in the first instance, gradually subsides, and ere three months have passed away, is heard no more.

These are some of the prominent vicissitudes of love, its airy dreams and cares,

and sweets and bitters. Experienced in their particular, more or less, by every one; yet regarded in their general, by scarcely any one: such is the commonness of misery, and the indifference with which it is beheld. One only intimate, may listen to its complaints, and all the rest is left to heaven. But I will desist;—even this reflection may awaken subsiding regrets, and drown the once wounded mind in deep meditation. What an emblem of these vicissitudes is the poor dove of Africa, that bears on its plumage, nearest to its heart, a bloody spot, resembling a wound! and with the good St. Pierre, who relates the fact, and draws the moral, “it seems as if this bird, dedicated to love, was destined to wear her master’s livery, and had served as a mark to his arrows.”

CHAP. XII.

ROMANT and myself one morning after parade, extended our usual walk up to Sir Robert Harland's woods. Suffolk is an interesting county. Confessedly a flat, yet as diversified as a garden; such are the fruits of industry, and the benefits of cultivation, for the soil, generally speaking, is sandy and light. The villages and cots are so neat and comfortable, that the first impression on the mind of the stranger is, that the inhabitants are a better kind of beings, than some districts have to boast of, and that the lower orders are not so brow-beaten as in this county, and that and that. Two or three months residence amongst them confirm the sentiments at first imbibed in their favour. The common people speak to each other in a tone of kind-

ness which in some instances degenerates into a whine. The farmers and tradesmen also converse with mildness and good will, and address their labourers and workmen with a feeling towards their situations and useful services. When these are in the presence of their superiors and landlords, we do not witness that bowing down and worshipping, so unhappy in its appearance, and so equivocal in its motives, yet so anxiously looked for by the aristocratical of these kingdoms. Extravagant rents are not demanded by the proprietors of the large estates, and well they consider it, for the game, of which they are so tenacious, devours no contemptible portion of the produce of their lands. Many of the gentry of moderate, yet plentiful possessions, occupy a part of their property, as also do the beneficed clergy that of their glebe, and live in rural abundance: such as Nature points out as approximating nearer to happiness, to minds that are congenial with her, than any other. The

lordly owners of manors, parks, and palaces, are rendered here unamiable, only by the determined enforcement of the game laws. These unhallowed remains of the Conqueror's code are resorted to with the utmost avidity, and in a most alarming and vexatious manner. But man-traps and spring-guns are a refinement upon the Norman's despotism, and are in Suffolk set night and day in the woods and other places, not walled or strongly fenced in, agreeably with the constituted laws of this land of liberty. Even where chartered footways pass through these fortified aviaries, there is no charitable allowance for the reeling peasant returning from market, nor the darkling traveller unaccustomed to the road. Unhappily the whole House of P—— is composed of game preservers, as also are seven-eighths of that of the C——, and if it were not for the wealthy devourers of this article of luxury in London, there would be no such desperadoes as poachers to

humble the pride of our woodland kings. These marauders, connected and combined with the arch knaves their gamekeepers, serve to hold in check the increase of these jewels of their crowns; or famine must be the consequence, wherever their baneful influence extended. This not being the sporting season we were permitted to walk quietly through the avenues, and reflect, and moralize upon, and laugh at the foolish contentions of men. The pheasants flew around us, with little anxiety as to distance, appearing vain of our admiration of their elegant forms and beautiful plumage. They seemed to know that their summer holidays were not expired, and that man was then at peace with them. My friend, ever interesting himself with the beauties of nature, had picked up a breast feather of a cock bird, and stopped to expatiate on the cruelty of destroying such ornaments of the woods,—the inconsiderateness of sportsmen, their eagerness in pursuit, and carelessness about

the fine creature just fallen under the gun, so soon as it is bagged,—their anxiety the next moment being turned to the pursuit of another,—the quarrels and heart-burnings to which the diversion gave rise ;—when suddenly stepping off quicker than usual, it appeared that he was not quite satisfied with his own reasonings, for himself was a shooter ; and found much pleasure in the destruction of a brace or two of these ornaments of the woods, at any time when the monarchs of the woods most graciously permitted him ; now springing over a stile that led into the fields, and making a hop, stride, and a jump, exclaimed, “ Folly ! damned folly altogether ! ”

I had frequently endeavoured to draw out his opinion of the game laws, but he constantly evaded the question by some logical sleight or other ; but on this occasion being in the right cue, he opened upon the subject unsolicited. He likened them to our poor laws, in so far, as their

being bad in themselves, and rendered worse after every attempt at amendment ; yet no parliament could come to the resolution of repealing them and enacting new ones, although their inefficacy and unpopularity are as glaring as the moon at the full. Returning to the barracks we overtook upon the road Mr. and Mrs. Epitaph-agram and Mr. A a tall raw-boned lieutenant of our regiment. Just as we came up, a poor woman with an infant at her breast, had stopped them, asking charity. Having given her the few pence we could muster, she turned round and held forth her hand to Mr. A, who stepping from her, shook his head, saying, “ Nae, I canna’, I ha nae cuppers aboot me.” The woman recognized the dialect, and quietly walked away. This gentleman having nothing to carry on the war with, but his pay, was rather close-fisted, and had some extraordinary ways and means of doing it ; which, should my

reader ever meet with Ensign Toby Epitaphagram, he will explain to him by many an amusing anecdote, his friend's ingenious methods of making both ends meet. For he did make them meet, and paid every one his due ; and well is it, when we can lay our hands upon our hearts, and say we do the same. As we walked on, Mr. A thought he must say something in vindication of his lack of charity, and observed that it was unfortunate his having no small change about him, as his hand was ever open to distress. Aye, sung out Toby, in a tone which could not possibly be misunderstood ;

“ The other day says Ned to Joe,
Near Ipswich's confines groping,
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that to the poor,
You prove it every minute ;
Your hand is open to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.”

You might as well offer plums to a grocer as sarcasm to a North Briton, for he deals in the commodity himself, and vends it most freely, but hates the taste of it ; which was here evinced by the oddest expression of countenance I ever beheld. Proceeding along St. Matthew's, and into the high street, we saw Lady Stamina's carriage standing at the door of a wealthy dealer in silks and muslins, and thees and thous. We walked in to pay our respects, when after the usual compliments, she informed us that the colonel had during the last hour received a route, and we were going to Dover. Ah, by G—d ! exclaimed Mr. A., and hastily withdrew, without saying with your leave or by your leave, so urgent are the affairs of an officer immediately preceding a march : but he was scrupulously an honest man, and to have left a baubee unpaid, would have rendered him miserable. Lady S. said that she should not find it convenient to accompany us to Kent this season, but

would come in the spring if the regiment remained there; but Sir Mark, she believed, would march with us. Romant politely expressed his sorrow at losing the ladies, and well and truly he did so, for Lucy Farquhar had stricken him—and home too. It was no slight wound at the tip of the heart, but deep in at the centre. I was not surprised at the circumstance of so handsome and so engaging a girl as Miss Farquhar making an impression on such a man as my friend, but thought the old wound was not yet healed, and subsequent events have reminded me that I was not much mistaken. Gaylove had told me some weeks before this involuntary eclairsissement of eyes, that it was evident to him that a mutual attachment existed, but it would come to nothing; for Romant had not much fortune or particular connection, and the lady was happy in both. ' Cogent reasons and strong, and the authority good, for in all things relating to love and gallantry, Gaylove was a ripe

scholar. Whilst turning over silks on the counter, the polite Gaylove came in, and immediately made an offer of his assistance to the ladies, whilst the knowing Quaker, seeing how much at home the gentleman was, addressed him, as to the respective qualities of the goods precisely as he did his female customers. This Quaker was a very respectable man, and wore less buckram than the Friends commonly do. He hesitated not an inclination of his head, and dispensed with his beaver whilst waiting upon ladies. When the purchases were completed, Gaylove and Romant handed Lady S. and Miss F. into the carriage, and then returned for the remainder of the parcels, which the shopmen had not already placed there. In a small one of variegated silk, my stricken friend stuck the pheasant's feather, which he had picked up during our walk, and in presenting it to his fair beloved, observed, that however elegant and diversified the colours of the silk might be, he thought

they were eclipsed by the natural ones of the feather he had the honour of requesting her acceptance of. Toby stood near, and had been significantly attentive to the gallantry of the thing, and without giving Miss Farquhar time to reply, prefaced with a respectful bow of the old school this little piece of advice ;

“ If Lucy but wear it, a feather’s a charm,
 Ah ! who can be safe when a feather can harm ?
 Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art,
 And, warned by the feather, beware of the dart.”

This requiring the least of all possible comment, Lady Stamina in a moment desired her coachman to drive home,—saying, as the horses sprang off, we shall see you all before the march, which is not until Friday. Romant, when they were gone, looked vexed and mortified, and turning to Toby, said, ‘ by G—d, Epitaphagram, you are incorrigible ;’ whilst Gaylove, greatly pleased, laughed heartily. Toby joined him, affectedly enough, and was

glad to take his wife under his arm and walk off; and we heard her curse him for a fool before they had gone twenty yards.

Sir M. and Lady S. sent cards to the officers and their wives to dine with them on Wednesday. Those who were engaged in matters that imperiously demand attention prior to a march, were required to tea and evening. Some were so detained, and others, fearing to crowd their table, preferred the latter, amongst which I made one. When we were shewn into the drawing-room, Lady Stamina was sitting with a large party, amongst which was a game-preserving 'squire of the neighbourhood, a lover of Miss Farquhar's; there were some other strangers, principally married ladies. Mr. Epitaphagram, whose spouse for reasons aforesaid, would not allow him to be of the dinner party, was entertaining the company as usual, with his spontaneous quotations. A lady present was lamenting the death of a gentleman of Ipswich, adding how unfortunate it was that his phy-

sicians were not agreed as to the nature of his disorder, or probably he might have been saved to his family ; regardless of the seriousness of the subject, he said, Ah !

“ About the symptoms how they disagree !
But how unanimous about the fee.”

The speaker would not hear the knave, but proceeded in a whining tone, insinuating the pathetic, to the effect that the deceased was an inoffensive quiet man, and much respected in the place. It was supposed that he had left his widow and children well provided for, and on that account would not be so much missed by them, as would one who was just reaping the benefits of past years of industry, and which acquisitions ceased with his life. A satirist had affirmed, and she feared with as much truth as bitterness, that the most cheerful faces were to be seen in mourning coachés. And it was not to be expected that much care would be bestowed, or many tears would be dropped upon the

grave of this worthy man.—No, indeed, roared out Toby,

“ Poor John Gray! here he lies !
 Nobody laughs and nobody cries ;
 Where he’s gone, and how he fares,
 Nobody knows and nobody cares.”

This context to such sapient and grave remarks, relaxed the muscles of the auditors into a smile, and from that to ha ! ha ! ha ! with the exception of the squire, who never smiled at all, and only laughed at improper times, and in holy places ; but now shook his wise head in a perpendicular direction, expressive of disapproval. Cards were introduced, and for a short time the humorist was silent.

Several ladies were assembled to a round game, and as is customary between every deal, talked scandal. A poor girl had it appears mistaken one thing for another, and they were setting her right most obligingly. Our friend professed himself to be a mortal enemy to scandal, and

therefore approached and presented them with this golden admonition ;

“ Believe not each aspiring tongue,
As most weak persons do ;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.’ ”

The more sprightly of the throng laughed it off, and said they were only killing time, and hoped there was no truth in the report. Pardon me, madam, your cards will do that, nor can I divine, why ladies, of all God’s creatures, should wish to kill Time. Because he is the greatest enemy they have, answered an immense roundabout. He does not appear to have been an enemy to you, madam, replied Toby, significantly. The lady declining, by silence, to understand the allusion, he went over the ground again ; It was lighting both ends of the candle, he said, nay years were the only things that ladies could not bear with temper. I’ll tell you what, addressing himself to the crumby

dame that had reparteed him, and who appeared from the space she occupied, to be the principal person at table, I'll tell you how the great wit of my day rallied your time killers. His notions of the old mower's powers, I fear, were more correct than were those of the attributes of his God. He supposes Time to speak ;

“ There's scarce a point on which mankind agree,
 So well as in their frequent boast of killing me ;
 I boast of nothing, yet when I've a mind,
 I think I can be even with mankind.”

The lady applauded the sentiment with much good humour, and was happy to hear that mankind agreed about something. Aye, replied Toby, and I am miserable that it is only about such a thing. Are you going to give us a sermon, sir? No indeed, madam, with a bow down to the ground, much nettled, and strutting to the other end of the room with all the dignity of a turkey-cock in high feather. How now, Mr. Epitaphagram, enquired Lady S.

have they not used you well at that table? You don't look happy. O very happy, madam; but a lady there is too much for me, she is all wit. All wit! repeated her ladyship, in an arch under tone,—then she has a plentiful share. This sally put the ensign into good humour again, who, after firing off a few squibs amongst her party, brushed up to the round table again,—when lo! such is the inconsistency of man, was himself in less than ten minutes up to the neck and shoulders in scandal; for no sooner did the name of Captain Menage meet his ear, than he saluted it with loud ha! ha's! maugre the manners of the old school. Menage was absent from the regiment, and became fair game on such a subject. This gentleman had the preceding week, gallantly escorted a lady of no mean consideration from shire down to Bath, whilst her husband was laid up of the gout. Toby loved Menage not much, he said the captain always looked so black at him; so he

helped the lame dog over the stile, as it were, by numerous hits and flings of wit and humour. Lady S. reminded her guests that the lady in question bore an excellent character in the world, and trusted that it suffered in no instance from this act of attention on the part of Captain Menage. In fact she had so high an opinion of her, as also of that gentleman, that she was confident there was not the least ground for what people thought proper to insinuate. For her part she should have no hesitation in accepting of Captain Menage as a protection on the road to Bath, if it so happened that her husband was prevented from attending her there. But Sir Mark would, Lady Stamina; vociferated this absurd humorist. This was too good — Momus took possession of the room; and his votaries surrounded him. As extremes cannot be lasting, genuine mirth by degrees subsided, and as gradually increased a spurious kind; some laughed, they knew not why, some, that they had been laugh-

ing, and others at each other. But the god was gone : he may be a god of aching sides, but certainly is none of tears, O dears, and bless me's !

Sir Mark and his friends now joined us from their wine, in high spirits, and were anxious to know whence the loud Io Peans—but that none could tell. The first cause was forgotten, and the last was foolish. The colonel went up to Mrs. Epitaphagram, and begged her to say, for he guessed that it was her merry husband who had occasioned them. I believe it was, Sir Mark, for he has been dealing out epigrams and epitaphs in abundance to us all. Epitaphs ! the last things I should have thought would have created merriment.—One would think so, sir, but his are as much calculated for the living as the dead, and I believe that he has one for every person present. No, my dear, said he, drily enough, not so bad quite as that, but I have one at your service, in case it should be wanted, or so. I dare say you

have, and would rejoice in an opportunity of using it:—and what is it, pray? she asked, with an ill concealed peevishness; but I need not inquire, for I ought to know that it is something rude. O no, Maria, in the same sarcastic manner, very polite.—What is it then? let us have it. You shall love:

“ Here lies a woman, who had all the arts peculiar to her sex, and some arts peculiar to herself.”

Truth to a syllable;—she stamped with rage, whilst all present could scarcely restrain themselves within the bounds of decorum, so pointed and so keen was the satire. Stop, my dear, softening his tone, and smiling a little, why in such a tiff? I have not told you the one that I reserve for myself, in case of accidents: it is the tail of one to be sure,—but it will do I believe; it must be pretty much to the

purpose, for it comes from the other side of the Tweed :

“ My greatest pleasure in this shert life,
Is to be interred here with my wife.”

This turn of affairs gave the company an opportunity to let go. Sir Mark came away from a picture which he had affected to be looking at ; Gaylove took his handkerchief out of his mouth, and Mrs. E. put on a smoother countenance ; not a little relieved that the servant at that moment announced supper to be upon the table.

Toby made wry faces at the beer ; It is not to your taste, sir, I fear, said Sir Mark. Indeed it is not, colonel ; I know it well, and the rich rascal of a brewer that serves you with it ; regardless, or not knowing that a lady sitting opposite, the wife of an officer in the garrison, was the niece of this said brewer. But nothing could stop him,

nor winks, nor blinks, nor any kind of hint
availed, when once off.

“ No wonder, Sir Mark, we are poisoned by beer,
If you look to the process of hops through the year ; •
'Tis blubber and horse-dung that rears up the plant,
Which is brought to perfection by brimstone, you'll
grant :

But the brewer, not finding them nauseous enough,
Adds *coccus indicus*, quassia, and snuff.”

There were when the cheese was set upon
the table, a great quantity of mites in the
tray, of which the squire took a spoonful
upon his plate and devoured. Toby saw
the exploit, and it so happened that he
hated him, for whilst shooting on the waste
lands, during the last season, the keepers
in the service of this gentleman treated
him rudely, and the gentleman himself
treated him worse, for he neglected to
answer a note of complaint against them.
So fixing the attention of the company at
the moment this brilliant squire was help-
ing himself to a second edition of the mites,

he let him get them into his mouth, when he made a dead shot at him :

“ **Jack** eating rotten cheese did say,
Like Sampson, I my thousands slay ;
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.”

Sir Mark looked black, and Lady S. appeared displeased ; whilst the man of game muttered something angrily, or rather growled behind his teeth. Miss Farquhar said with much good humour, Come, come, sir, no frowning if you please, Mr. Epitaph-agram is privileged to say what he pleases to night, as it is our last meeting probably for some time, and I have taken him into my protection. I am confident he meant nothing personal ; but the mites and the cheese, and the spoon, and the mighty manner in which you slew the thousands and the tens of thousands, reminded him of a very witty epigram. Lady Stamina, Sir Mark, or myself would have met with

the same, had we operated so violently upon the feelings of the diminutive animals. We all seconded her opinion, and the squire cleared up again. But Toby still knit his brow, and placed himself in a direction as nearly athwart him, as his seat at the table would admit of; looking at him with a scornful eye of defiance; whilst the attendants could scarcely contain themselves for affection, when beholding his attitude; and the servants'-hall after they left us, resounded with obstreperous peals.

Sir Mark spoke of a political poem that had just made its appearance in the higher circles. He had not seen it, but was informed it had not met with a very cordial reception, and the critics had handled it most unmercifully: but it being a party matter, he was also given to understand that a pamphlet was coming out in defence and vindication of it. Aye, aye, Sir Mark, said our ensign:

“ The original author, I wot,
Is a very vile poet, God mend him ;
To attack him a viler he’s got,
And a viler than that to defend him.”

Very probable, sir, said the colonel, I agree with you ;—and mumped, but not happily.

Miss F.—What are you a critic also, Mr. Epitaphagram ?

Sir Mark.—A critic, Lucy, he is not only that, but a poet. Did you not know that ? The colonel enjoyed the little revenge he was **now** taking for the interruption he had experienced the minute before.

Miss F.—I cannot be much surprised, knowing the versatility of Mr. E.’s talents. Now of all subjects this was the least grateful to our ensign. He had written two years ago or more, what he called a Bacchanalian song ; he roared it out at the mess, and was greatly laughed at. The wicked ones encored, and persuaded him to repeat it, and laughed louder ; whilst in a bumper

round they christened it Bathos ; whenever with his skin full of wine, he is letting off his squibs at his brother subs, they have no readier way of stopping his mouth, than requesting him to sing Bathos. At the mention now of his poetry he became quiet as a lamb ; and the squire thought it good wit to keep the conversation on poetry a little on the move, so in the plenitude of his smartness, observed, that he never was much an advocate for the jingle of rhyme, and also insinuated that he seldom had seen a poet, who was not a fool in all the concerns of this life, where common sense was required ;—and looked wise, as to say, this is fine flinging : when his keen antagonist starting in his chair as from a reverie, and squaring himself athwart, as before, and looking ten times as savage, uttered, with an inimitable drawl :

“ Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool ;
But you yourself may serve to shew it,
That every fool is not a poet.”

There, said Miss F. you would be meddling, I could have told you how it would end. Cannot you be quiet ? why will you provoke your fate ? She would not have spoken to the squire in that authoritative tone, and have given him so plainly to understand what a ninny she held him to be, but that he was teasing her with his addresses, and would take no denial ; having it in intention, if nothing else would relieve her, to affront his pride, even at the hazard of not being forgiven when the fit was over. Being a man of fortune, Lady S. at the instance of Sir Mark, had been importuning her to listen to him, which had given her much uneasiness. These things, combined with no mean opinion of Romant, will fully explain the cavalier manner, which she in common with her sex was not unhappy in an opportunity of displaying. Romant greatly rejoiced ; he was just going to swallow his rival, for his graceless abuse of poetry ; but now contented himself

with giving a look expressive of his intention of standing between him and his castigator, should he find himself in a fighting humour. But the rustic understood it right well,—self-preservation quickens the perception even of confirmed dullness : he considered, that however well he could kill partridges, yet at man-shooting his jealous opponent might be most at home ; at all events he would not try the experiment.

It was now growing late, and the ladies were preparing to mantle and shawl their beauties from the dews of the evening ; Sir Mark, with his accustomed courtesy, filled his glass, in order to drink a pleasant march. Toby, who ever contrived at the breaking up of a party to have an ocean of punch before him, had not here broken into the good old rule. A fly, endued with the like propensity for so choice a draught, had plunged into it, and was swimming “ round and round and round,” using many a fruitless endea-

your to get out again. Instead of assisting the intoxicated insect with his spoon, he fixed his eye upon it with much apparent earnestness. — Gentle reader,—have you not observed a magpie, that has stolen an egg from the poultry yard, and flown into an adjoining field to feast upon the spoil ; have you not seen, that after breaking the shell with his bill, how archly he contemplates the delicious morsel ?—precisely so eyed our friend the contents of the “ precious goblet, gift divine,” ejaculating in the joy of his heart :

“ When in a cup of wine a fly was drowned,
So, said Venarius, may my days be crowned.”

And whilst the company rising up were making their remarks upon the man, he tossed off the punch and the fly together.

CHAP. XIII.

At every place we came to on our march, the people were rejoicing in the prospect of peace, more particularly through the county of Kent. Oh! peace will do this, and peace will do that. To have heard them talk, you could not but suppose that peace with the French Republic was to revive the golden age. All were in one tone, save and except the prophet of Gillingham, who lifted up his voice and declared, that if a peace were made with the First Consul, it could not be lasting; and that England ought not to expect that it would. But in the ardour for peace the people of the country through which we passed, regarded no more the prophet of Gillingham, than if prophets had never existed.

We found Dover a pleasant place, the more so at the time of year we marched into it. Dover is always interesting, nor is its interest at all diminished by the rejoicing of the inhabitants in the prospect of peace. So delighted with the thoughts of the communication being opened with Calais, that the fruition of those thoughts can scarcely create more happiness; so exquisite are the pleasures of hope. Of its noble castle, chalky cliffs, and other curiosities, taste, learning, and antiquarian research have left nothing to describe. One celebrated rock is not only familiar in description, but remains impressed on every mind, stamped by the muse of nature. The hospitalities of the place quickly produced friends and acquaintances for those whose inclinations led to gaiety. We were quartered at the castle, and the officers' rooms were in the keep; the best of which was that of the mess, which we joyfully filled on many occasions with parties of our brethren of other regiments

in garrison, and friends in the town and neighbourhood. Sir Mark remained with us quite through the month of October, and promoted social enjoyment, as was ever his disposition, to the utmost. We had carried on the war thus happily a few months, when the prospect of peace was realized to a certain degree, for the preliminaries were signed. The countenances of all the natives were now rioting in joy; and spoke nothing so plain, as that the communication would certainly, and in a short time, be opened with Calais. I would not detract the good qualities of the people of Dover, but their sense of the blessings of peace appeared to differ from that of their fellow labourers in taxation, throughout England. But we will not argue the question, other than that novelty has many attractions for the light and inconstant, but peace is the delight of the wise and good. The seer of Gillingham subscribed to this implicitly, but stuck to his text, that although the

definitive treaty might be signed, the peace would not last, and that this country ought not to expect it. But he stood alone, and the men of Kent, in their own opinions, are any thing but fools.

Already had the young officers of the army and navy began to make long faces at the prospect of a long peace, without reflecting any more upon the miseries of war, than that there were no such draw-backs from the pomp and glory of the game. Children when hostilities commenced, they were totally insensible to the dulcet charms of peace. To their judgment all things had borne the marks of prosperity, as outwardly indeed they had; the secret sinkings of commerce, and the silent burthen of taxes affected them not, being ignorant of the nature of the one, and exonerated from the pressure of the other: whilst a daily course of precept and example, had gone to instil into their minds but two principles of action,—that war was a good thing for

their country, and promotion a better for themselves. So schooled and influenced, can these young warriors, with any colour of justice, be deemed hardened and unblushing in their invocations for war? When speaking of our navy and army, we commonly say the brave defenders of their country. A certain stickler for suffering humanity, is, on this subject, what is very unusual in a man of talent, fastidious. He remarks that the term of the brave defenders of our country is poetic, but contrary to the maxims of real life. —Tell me, whoso studies real life with a clear head, and an unjaundiced eye, but pronounces that genuine poetry is the spirit and essence of it. Is not the most elegant language of love poetic? Colloquial expression is frequently incapable of embracing its sensations, yet are these sensations not contrary to real life; whilst but a common phrase of gratitude to the loyal and the brave, is contemned as poetic. That such contemning should

emanate from the breast of an Hibernian, is amazing; the feelings of whose countrymen, from the noble to the peasant, are poetic in the extreme; and have been time immemorial in the guidance of the harp, romantic in praise of the valour of Erin. From the same quarter we have the assertion, that neither officer nor soldier enters the army, except with a view to the emoluments; a charge which implies nothing more or less than error, error, error; and how finely men can argue upon mistaken facts has been censured by the moralist, and rallied by the wit, until the subject has become threadbare; even the jester can scarcely strike a laugh out of it. Romant would give a quarter of an hour to the setting of vulgarity and ignorance aright upon a point of this kind, and reason according to the breeding of the animals he had to deal with. But as these opinions against our gallant heroes were occasionally disseminated by men of literary talents, who wrote but to

shew them, the advocacy of his young friends lighted up his eloquence, and in some instances he not only did away such false impressions, but induced their contemners to do them honour in future. Even when not succeeding, he generally would conclude with a smile of good temper, ‘The boys, the boys, I defend; I have nothing to do with the old foxes, their motives may be all you say,—and they can take care of themselves.’

Winter was setting in, and it was with some difficulty that we could keep the old castle warm, yet we contrived to fill the mess-room frequently, and some one of our own every evening. The definitive treaty was expected to be signed early in the spring, therefore disbanding and “home, sweet home,” became a fruitful source of conversation, and also gave birth to many an anxious thought with some, what they were to do with themselves when at home, of which melancholy number I was one. Romant continually

cheered up my spirits by saying, Raven, you shall go with me, I will learn you to farm, and you shall yet become a rich man by ~~the~~ exertion of your own talents. One snowv morning, my friend being debarred his usual walk, had got the armourer into his room, and was busied in assisting him to hang a bell, and offering some improvements of his own in the method of it. A good and wise man has remarked, that a bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon, its life appears to be all enjoyment ; so busy and so pleased. I am tempted to surmise, but for its apparent raillery, he would have adduced, as another instance, a self-taught mechanist whilst setting his ingenious springs in motion ; reader, have you not seen such an one, and received pleasure in the contemplation of his happiness ? Just so anxious, just so happy was Romant that morning ; I chanced to step in, and from one of the best tempered men in

existence, all I could get was, ‘Raven, how are you?’ and that without a look, for all his eyes and ears were absorbed in the armourer and the bell-wire ; and when I withdrew, was neither missed nor wanted. About two hours after I received, not as customary, a fragment of a morning report, or of the back of a letter, twisted into a knot, but a note sealed up according to form. I opened it with some sinkings of the heart, not to be envied, and on reading it these were at once dissipated, its contents being to command me by the power of friendship to take pot-luck with him, for he had made a discovery : concluding with, be silent and wise. When we had dined he arose, and speaking as he drew a chair to the wall, stepped upon it, said, ‘after hanging the bell, I desired —— to fix up a few cloak pins, to hang my great coat and belts on ;—with much difficulty he made the nail part of one of them penetrate the cement, which time had rendered nearly as hard as the stone

itself. Whilst he was hammering, I observed something in the wall to loosen, which on examination proved to be a large stone. Always peeping and prying into things, this was not, you may suppose, suffered to escape. I sent the fellow home for some tools, which enabled us to remove it, as also this smaller one. And here he lifted them from the opening which they occupied. "These stones, Raven, enclosed a treasure which I will shew you." Then getting from the chair, he opened his marching chest, and took thereout a kind of bell-metal box, heavy, but not large, when raising up the lid, he spread upon the table several old MSS. Guessing there was something more than common, said he, I took the precaution of sending the armourer away, before I examined fully into the nature of my discovery, and have ordered a man of my company, who is by trade a mason, to bring a trowel and some mortar in the evening, and close up the place: then,

he continued, with much self-complacency and applause of his measures, I will paper the room handsomely, which will not only hide all defects, but make a good thing of it. He did so,—the room is in the square of the Keep-yard, opposite to the south entrance, and I am informed that the paper yet remains in good condition, the greatest buck in every regiment quartered in this part of the castle, ever making interest with the quarter-master to be lodged in it.

We now proceeded to look over the MSS. and found them by their date to be of the reign of Charles II. Many were of the years 1671, 2, and 3, and one was so far back as 1664. They principally were of poetry; the prose pieces being few in number, and not very interesting, embracing the political squabbles of that reign, which the merry monarch invariably laughed at. The detached pieces of the poems were wrapped carefully round the larger productions, whilst the whole was

inclosed in a coarse parchment. After using a few precautions of drying and dusting the writing was found to be legible, and the papers had suffered very little from the damp, with the exception of a few that were immediately next to the parchment wrapper. Romant pored over them with delight, continually expressing the gratification he experienced. There was no name affixed, nor even initials, but it was plain that the author was a military man, from the circumstance of many documents relating to regimental economy being pasted over passages intended to be obliterated ; and these documents not incurious of themselves. My friend feasted his antiquarian eyes upon them, exclaiming ever and anon, Ah ! these I'll keep—I would not for any money have missed of this treat, by my say so, I would not ; and other alike expressive of satisfaction. He walked about the room with his hands in the pockets of his breeches, meditating, and occasionally

breaking out into gratulatory ejaculations ; whilst I was employed in turning over the leaves of a stitched MS. having discovered it to be a complete poem, and reading stanzas of it indiscriminately, in turn exclaimed, Upon my word, miss !—when he sitting down, asked what I had got there, and without ceremony snatched it out of my hand, drew the candles to him, and read parts of it with the greatest attention. I heard him once in an undertone exclaim, and with much feeling, By Jove ! In a short half hour he laid it down with a deep sigh, and walked about the room for some time in silent meditation,—when addressing himself to me, said, “ Raven, I have been thinking, that we will take these MSS. home with us, and there arrange them. They shall be published, and you shall be their editor—it may be a profitable concern, why not ? I yield them up to you, on this condition only, that if by any happy chance the heirs and descendants of the author be found, you

shall resign them. An advertisement to that effect shall be the preface to the work, and God speed us. Put them away for to night, I am tired. After they were replaced in the chest, he became thoughtful, unhappy, and peevish; and would soon have been drowned in retrospective misfortune, had not the mason with his mortar and trowel arrived to close up the mysterious repository.

How many events occur in military life that never transpire in a much greater degree than as the local anecdotes of the corps in which they originate,—there is always one officer who is the Aristophanes of the mess-room, and retails them in the happy hours of social fellowship; and we were not without our prince of tales and stories and mimic drollery. One day having some friends, we were standing round the table in groups, waiting for dinner to be served up, when this privileged personage entered, and banished in an instant the tedium of those temper-

trying minutes. He turned our minds to mirth, when compassion for the misfortune of a brother officer would have been more becoming ; and the sufferer was no less a man, than Ensign Toby Epitaphagram. It appeared that this gentleman not having carefully shunned the dews of the preceding evening, a fit of the toothache reminded him of the inattention, and he scarcely slept a minute during the night. And it came to pass that there was in Dover at that time an itinerant knave who called himself a dentist, whose hand-bills had announced his skill in the noble science of drawing old teeth and replacing them with new ones ; restoring enamel, destroying nerves, and many other performances of equal benefit to his fellow-creatures. Now Toby believing him to be a very great man hastened down into Snargate-street, where this operator held out his sign. He told his grief, and sat down upon the stool of repentance ; the fellow got the crows-foot into his mouth,

and very adroitly drew out a wrong tooth, to the manifest indignation of the sufferer, our friend ; who cursed him for a scoundrel, called him a hell-hound of sin, and swore in the bitterness of his wrath, that he would report him to Mr. the Mayor, and he should be thrown into the sea, as an impostor. The rascal made a thousand abject apologies, entreating that he might rectify his mistake, by taking out the decayed tooth, and replacing the sound one, which would never, the nerve being destroyed, trouble him in the same way. The submission of the doctor, combined with the hope of the sound tooth being replaced, prevailed upon him to consent. After poking between his jaws for some time, the instrument was fixed, and he began to tug and pull with all his might and all his strength. Toby, almost choaked with fury and dismay, immediately discovered that this devil of a dentist was not only wrong again, but was tearing his head off ; but who believing himself to

be right, was wrenching away in a manner that was amazing to behold and dreadful to endure. Poor Toby endeavoured to speak, but could not ; he vented a loud noise, something between a groan and a roar, making every effort to bite the villain, whilst big tears but too plainly bespoke the agony he was in, and the rage that convulsed him. His persecutor stopped to wind a little ; when Toby gathering strength with despair, got somewhat at liberty, and began to fist and kick him with no contemptible effect, as the blood of the doctor shortly evinced ; who, furious in return, got our friend down upon the floor, where kneeling on his breast and placing his left fist between his eyes, resting in part on the bridge of his nose, thus obtained a purchase, and wrenched out with his right, the tooth, with two inches of jaw-bone. The rage of the poor sufferer beggars all description ; seizing a pestle he in turn knocked down the quack, and striding over the prostrate wretch,

hammered his head with unspeakable vengeance, leaving him bleeding and senseless; himself yet grasping the weapon without hat or coat, ran towards the castle vociferating murder! murder! blood and dentists! The street was in an uproar, and the natives were lost in astonishment, for the ensign was as well known to them as Shakspeare's Cliff. Such was the detail of poor Toby's disaster, and fancy figured him in such extraordinary attitudes, when contending with the quack, that even whilst words of pity hung upon the tongue, huge gusts of laughter dispersed them. In fact, there were but two present who did not make themselves unfeelingly merry on the occasion, Sir Mark and Romant. The latter swore that, but for the illegality of the act, he would go down into the town and finish the villain. The ensign's gallant attacks and rallies upon his rival at Ipswich, had raised him in my friend's good graces most astonishingly, when it is considered

how immediately before that he had pronounced him, in the vexation of his spirit, to be incorrigible. Whilst we were enquiring of the surgeon the state of the poor fellow's jaw, dinner came in and stopped the conversation,—and occasionally as it revived, the president called to order ; it being a rule that the immediate concerns of an absent officer, are not to be mentioned whilst the servants are waiting. After the cloth was drawn, Sir Mark lamented the mischance of his eccentric friend. He had been an officer in the regiment before the colonel had the command of it, I believe at the time when he was but captain of the light company. Independent of their serving together for many years, Sir Mark much respected him, quite the gentleman when sober, and when otherwise, which was not seldom, the deviation was very trifling. The humorous sort of pride which he took in the sword he wore, partook of a chivalrous spirit which was congenial with

the colonel's own; he commiserated his old companion in arms, and cursed the rascally dentist from the bottom of his heart.

After much diplomatic finesse on the part of the cunning enemy, the definitive treaty was signed at Amiens. With our accustomed liberality we gave the chief consul every thing we had gained in the conflict, with the reservation only of a quantum of honour and glory; yet we soon heard that the unconscionable dog was dissatisfied with his bargain. One would have thought, that acknowledging him as ruler of France, and leaving the Bourbons in the lurch, were sufficient. Alas! nothing was left for them but patience and resignation, in pious faith and hope that better days might come. With the exception of these unfortunates and their adherents, all Europe appeared to rejoice in the general pacification, and illuminated the towns in every quarter of it, as a demonstration of the fact; little

dreaming how soon the lights would be extinguished by a man possessed of six hundred thousand devils.

Romant and myself had devoted many evenings to the examinations of the MSS. He sometimes was much pleased with them, yet always expressed his doubts as to their taking, as it is called : that it was all a lottery, yet one should be published, as a trial ; at all events it would furnish employment for the critics, who would with a loud voice deny the finding of them in the old wall of Dover Castle, for the best of all good reasons,—they did not see them there deposited. How they came there is not difficult to surmise ; but that they should be suffered to remain immured for seven score years and ten, is somewhat posing. The author, being a soldier, might at an hour's warning be ordered on service, might consign them there as a place of safety until his return ; and the secret might die with him, for the honour of his country in battle

with the Hollanders. Yet this entanglement chance may some day unravel, for are we not elegantly told, that "the knot which puzzles human wisdom the hand of fortune sometimes will untie, familiar as her garter."

We hesitated long about which should be served up to the men that take upon themselves to perform the easiest task of all others, that of finding fault. There were two complete productions, and several miscellaneous pieces ; of the former was a play of five acts, and a poem of four cantos. Romant thought the dramatic work was the best, but not altogether conformable with stage effect, as now understood ; that being the case it would not be got up by the managers, and a play rejected is read by no one : but as dramatic taste, in common with all things mundane, is not without its variations, he was for waiting until some change might take place, when it should be tried. We will not, said he, put all our eggs into one basket. I

did not agree with him quite in opinion, whilst the end of the argument was, that the matter should be referred to a lady whose judgment and taste were the pride and admiration of her friends. Alas! she never saw them, for at the moment of our decision she was in her grave, which the County Journal apprized us of in a very few days to our inexpressible sorrow.

THE END.

